JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 22, 1932

MEN THEY HUNT ACROSS THE EARTH SEE PAGES 10 & 11.

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1375.

JOHN BULL

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...IS a great coat

Of course . . . it's a "Sandom." For the "Sandom" reputation has been established by single-minded concentration on producing the greatest overcoat value it is possible to offer.

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. . . every "Sandom" Stylecoat is tailored in the West End manner by highly skilled—highly paid—craftsmen.

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. . . the outcome of nearly 100 years' experience, experiment and improvements in weaving cloth and blending colours.

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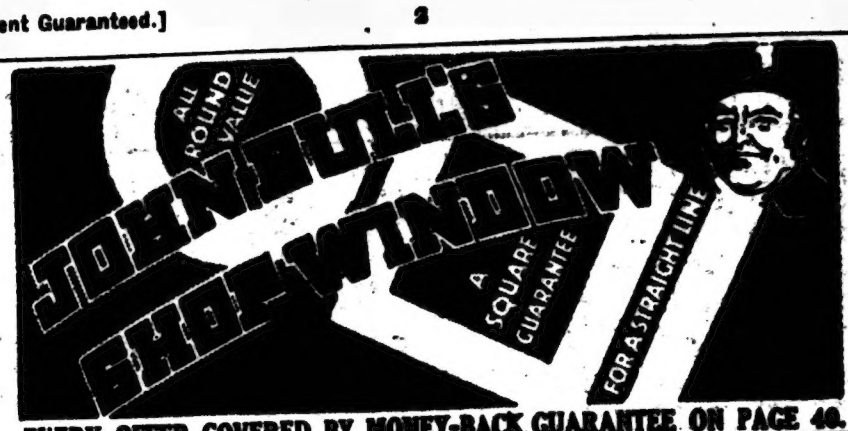

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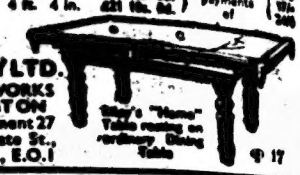

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P 17

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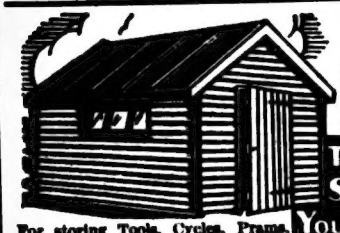

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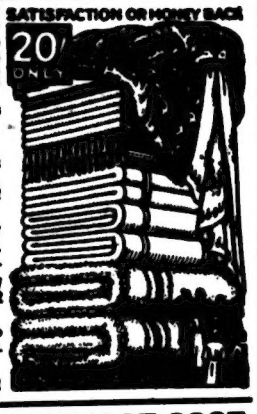

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Cash Won in 'John Bull's' Crossword Competition No. 183.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following 107 competitors who share the 3,000 Guineas. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £29 8s. 10d. will be sent:—

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ALLEYN, Miss M., 64, Oak St., Birches Head, Hanley.
ANKERS, E., Kinross, Holyhead.
BALL, E., 3, Duke St., Sth. Normanton.
BANHAM, J. N., 10, Cross St., Sussex St., Norwich.
BARNES, Miss A., 139, Market St., Bacup.
BARR, Mrs. E., 356, Ravenhill Rd., Belfast.
BAXTER, Mrs. E., 135, Stechford Rd., Washwood H'th
BAYLES, A. A., Newton-le-Willows, Bedale.
BEAUMONT, W., 40, Alderley St., Salford.
BELL, W. J., 92, Osmaston Rd., Derby.
BIGGS, Mrs. R., Llwyn-yr-Eos, Dinas Powis.
BIRT, W. G., 11, Cyril St., Newport, Mon.
BLAIR, J. G., Kirkchrist, Canons Park, Edgware.
BOLTON, L. H., 68A, Broughton Rd., S.W.6.
BREE, Miss B., 251, Abington Ave, Northampton.
BRETHERTON, A. E., 99, Charlotte St., Blackburn.
BROOME, A. R., 19A, West St., Croydon.
BROWN, E., 18, Myrtle Grove, Bideford.
BURN, A. E., 101, Stanway Rd., Elv, Cardiff.
CARTWRIGHT, A., 2, Council St., Hulme.
CHERRIMAN, P., 8A, Holbrook Lane, Trowbridge.
CHILDS, W. F., 68, Goldsworth Rd., Woking.
COCKCROFT, H., 5, Bexley Place, Harehills.
CONDRON, R., 53, Phœbe St., Salford.
COOK, N., 31, Crescent St., Grimsby.
DANIELS, W. H., 272, Moss Lane East, Manchester.
DAVIES, T. M., 1, Castle Terrace, Pontlliw.
DODD, L., 21, Bertrand Rd., Bolton.
EARNSBY, A., Talbot Hotel Manchester.
EGGLESTON, Mrs., 15, Craven Terrace, Sale.
ELLERBY, W., 134, George St., Willington Quay-on-T
ELLIS, E. P., Busbridge Lane, Godalming.
EWENS, A., 6, Little Bishop St., Bristol.
FORBES, H., 125, Norwood Rd., Southall.
FREEMAN, W. C., 5, Nelson St., West Bromwich.
FRYETT, A., 49, Ipswich Rd., Woodbridge.
GITTINGS, R. N., 3, Eldon Rd., Edgbaston.
GODDARD, R. L., 10, St. Augustine's Pl., Penarth.
GOODWORTH, P., 7, Brighton Terr., Hull.
GORDON, T., 22, Peers St., Bury.
HARRISON, J. G., 33, Lodge Rd., Tonbridge.
HARRISON, W. H., 40, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool.
HASTINGS, Mrs., 10, Cellar Hill Terr., Grasswell.
HEY, H., 43, Moorbottom Rd., Huddersfield.
HITCHINGS, Mrs. I., 140, Fort Rd., London, S.E.1.
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JONES, H. G., 32, Beech Hill Rd., S.E.9.
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LAWRENCE, C., 140, Park Rd., Birmingham.
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LOCKYER, H. F., 70, St. Andrew St., Tiverton.
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McLINDON, J. J., 42, Lytton Rd., Girlington.
MAHON, F. F., Hotel Dulverton, Scarborough.
MAHONEY, W. F., 33, Howie St., S.W.11.
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MICHAEL, W., 20, Regent St., Llanhilleth.
MILES, J., 312, Ley St., Ilford.
MITCHELL, Mrs. E., 9, Glanymor St., Briton Ferry.
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MUIR, T., 45, Broadwalk, E.18.
MURPHY, J., 2, Matlock St., Belfast.
MURPHY, T., 35, St. Pirans Ave., Portsmouth.
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NICHOLSON, W. L., Red Court, Main Rd., Romford.
NOAKE, L., 3, Premier Place, Exeter.
OLDHAM, F. G., 151, Abingdon Rd., Middlesbrough.
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WHATLEY, S. H., 13, Elmhurst Mansions, S.W.4.
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WILDE, W., 29, Beresford St., Shelton, Stoke.
WOODCOCK, J. W., Harvey Lane, Norwich.
WRAITH, E. G., King's Rd., Llandebie.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 1st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 951 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive 2s. 6d., the prize-money having been augmented to allow of that amount. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 182.

The extra £100 offered in this contest, has been divided between 18 entrants and payments of £5 11s. 2d. each are being despatched accordingly.

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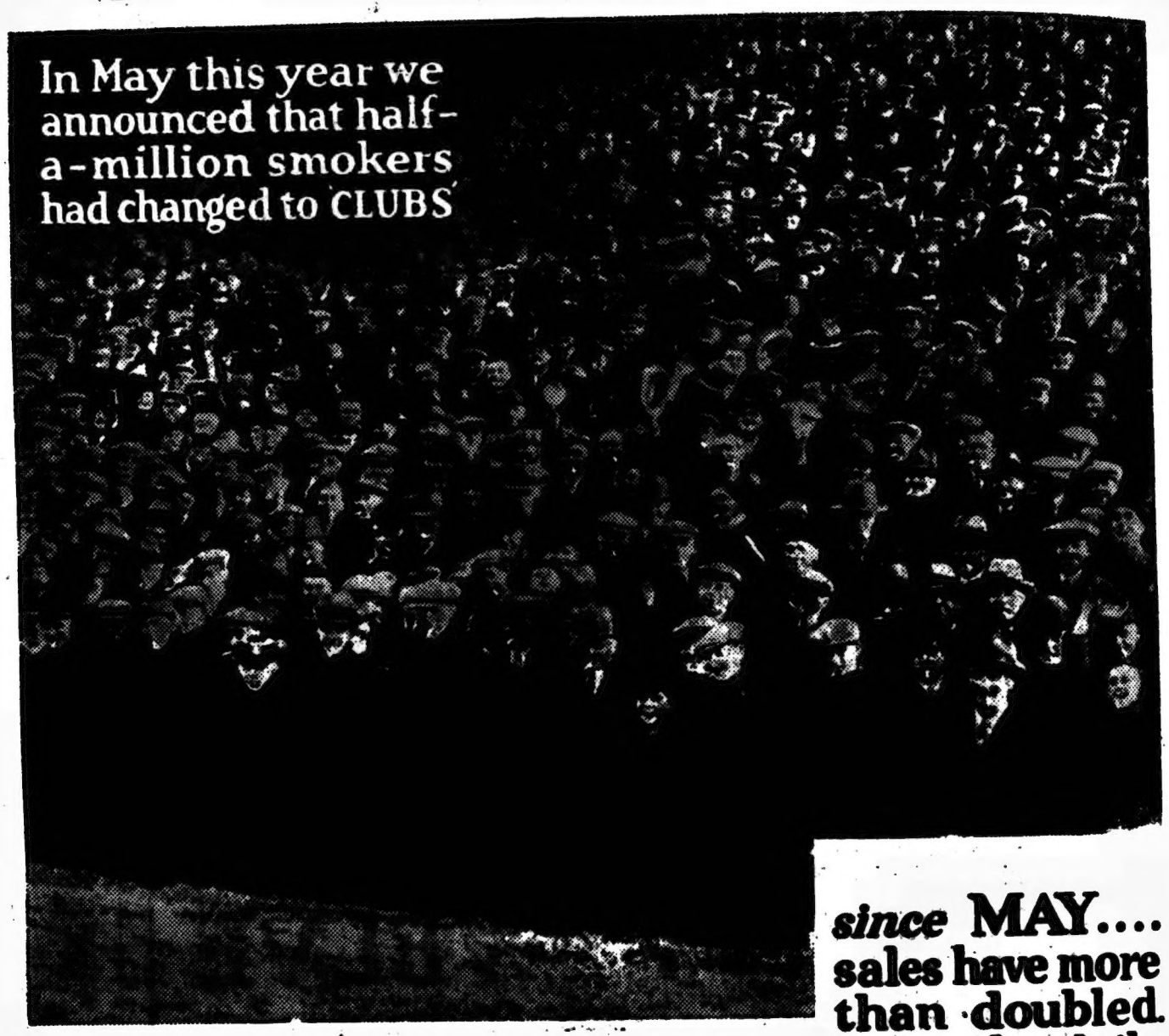

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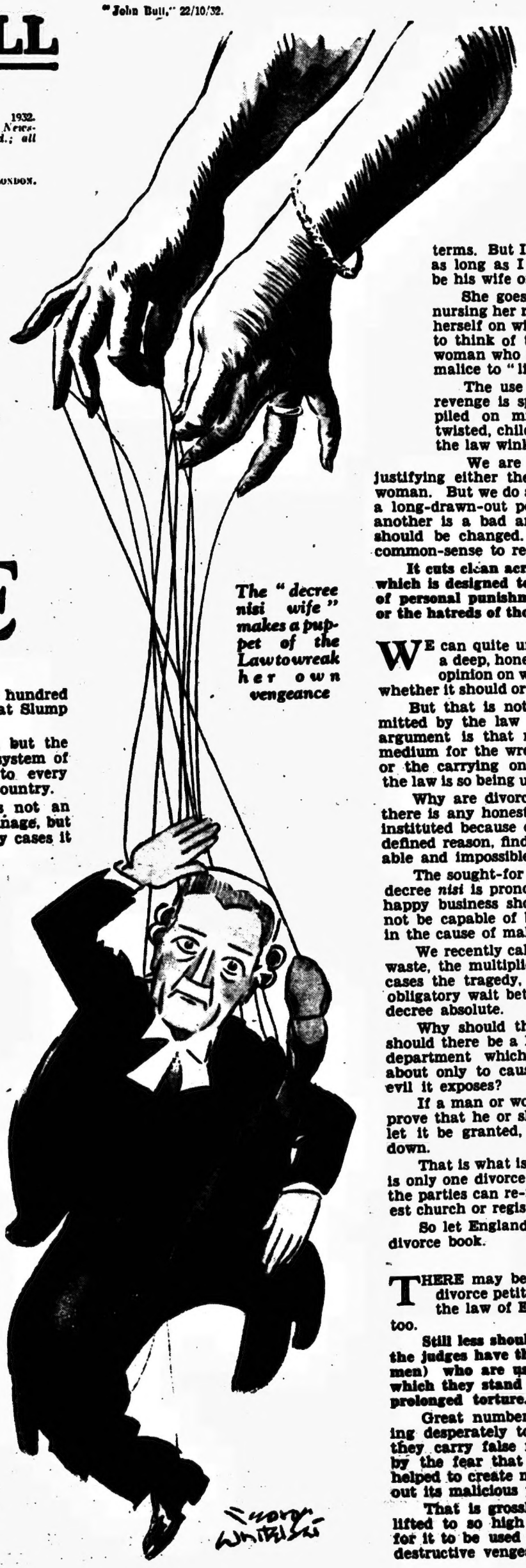


The "decree nisi wife" makes a puppet of the Law to wreak her own vengeance

SOLOMON had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. He was a rich man. The Great Slump had not come. No one thought it strange.

Things are not quite like that to-day, but the law of England is responsible for a great system of recognised concubinage that has spread to every county and probably to every town in the country.

That may seem a strong statement, but it is not an exaggerated one. The law not only tolerates concubinage, but connives at it, encourages it, sees to it that in many cases it is practically inevitable.

There are thousands of men who have wives but who live with "the other woman"; thousands of women who have husbands but who live with "the other man."

Not because they want this strange triangular existence, but because the law sanctions and smiles upon conspiracies of malice and revengefulness which can be and are carried out not only with impunity but with profit.

Recent divorce figures show that the number of cases in which decrees *nisi* have been granted but in which decrees absolute are never applied for are continually increasing. We doubt if the public generally quite realises just what that means.

It means this: that women (or men) bring divorce proceedings, obtain their decree (plus damages, or, in the case of women, alimony, as the case may be), and then deliberately refrain from having the decree made absolute for the sole purpose of for ever preventing the respondent marrying either the co-respondent or anybody else.

IN other words, they set out to rid themselves of their partner (and in many cases to make money by it), knowing all the time that they have no intention whatever of making that riddance so final and complete as to secure a real freedom from the bond which they have professed to find so nauseous.

That is just plain cheating, but it is legal.

What happens? The man (we will suppose him to be the divorced party) goes away and lives with the other woman.

The wife takes a third of his income in the form of alimony and then sits back in gloating passivity, refuses to have the decree made absolute, and thereby prevents the remarriage of the man from whom she has parted but on whose money she is living.

She sets out to inflict on him a life-long penalty for his infidelity, and in planning and carrying out her revenge she is supported and helped by the law.

She says: "Well, I've got rid of him—and on terms. But I'm still Mrs. So-and-So, and as long as I live no other woman shall be his wife or be able to take his name."

She goes on, drawing her alimony, nursing her revenge, and always spurring herself on with the glee that it gives her to think of the stolen husband and the woman who stole him condemned by her malice to "live in sin."

The use of this revolting recipe for revenge is spreading rapidly. Misery is piled on misery, souls warped, minds twisted, children born in a bastardy that the law winks at.

We are not excusing infidelity nor justifying either the erring man or the erring woman. But we do say that a law which permits a long-drawn-out persecution of one person by another is a bad and mischievous law which should be changed. It has neither justice nor common-sense to recommend it.

It cuts clean across the whole English system which is designed to prevent the administration of personal punishment according to the whims or the hatreds of those who wish to administer it.

WE can quite understand that there may be a deep, honest, conscientious difference of opinion on whether divorce is good or bad, whether it should or should not be permitted.

But that is not the point. Divorce is permitted by the law of the land, and our whole argument is that no law should be made the medium for the wreaking of personal vengeance or the carrying on of private vendettas. That the law is so being used is not open to doubt.

Why are divorce proceedings instituted? If there is any honesty about them at all they are instituted because one of the parties, for a duly defined reason, finds life with the other unbearable and impossible.

The sought-for freedom is obtained when the decree *nisi* is pronounced. There the whole unhappy business should end and the law should not be capable of being prostituted or exploited in the cause of malice or persecution.

We recently called attention to the folly, the waste, the multiplied unhappiness, and in many cases the tragedy, involved by the six months' obligatory wait between the decree *nisi* and the decree absolute.

Why should there be a wait at all? Why should there be a King's Proctor to run a costly department which goes spying and snooping about only to cause far more misery than the evil it exposes?

If a man or woman wants a divorce and can prove that he or she is entitled to have it, then let it be granted, and let the curtain be rung down.

That is what is done in Scotland, where there is only one divorce decree. Once that is granted the parties can re-marry right away in the nearest church or register office if they want to do so.

So let England take a leaf out of Scotland's divorce book.

THERE may be a great deal of hypocrisy in divorce petitions, but that is no reason why the law of England should be hypocritical, too.

Still less should the law, and the courts, and the judges have their time wasted by women (or men) who are using them and the system for which they stand as an easy and safe means of prolonged torture.

Great numbers of men and women are trying desperately to reconstruct their lives. But they carry false names and are dogged always by the fear that the ghost which the law has helped to create may suddenly reappear to carry out its malicious purpose.

That is grossly unfair. The law should be lifted to so high a plane that it is impossible for it to be used as the weapon of a grisly and destructive vengeance.

Without Fear or Favour

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Making Our Motoring Laws Look Silly

Doctor: "If you can't say 'parallelepipedon,' you're not sober!"

A PARALLELEPIPEDON is a body with parallel surfaces—that is, a solid parallelogram.

You didn't know that piece of solid geometry, did you? Neither did we until a motorist was charged at Brighton with driving while under the influence of drink.

According to the doctor who gave evidence the man was able to pronounce "The Irish constabulary extinguished the conflagration," and was then asked to say "Parallelepipedon."

In the witness-box the doctor himself couldn't spell it, and the case was dismissed.

A *mess up*

That is quite typical of the rather stupid mess that is being made of the administration of the motoring laws.

The man who is going to drive should not drink But neither should he be asked to say "Parallelepipedon."

But there is more in it than that, as other cases which have been heard during the last few days show.

Hard on drivers

Consider the case of Joseph Middlemas, of Bournemouth, who, at Basingstoke, was fined £2 for driving a motor coach at 40½ m.p.h.

He said he had no speedometer, and the clerk of the court mentioned other similar cases.

The Chairman of the Bench said it was very unfair on the drivers, and we heartily agree with him.

Well deserved

Take another sort of case, that of a Tottenham Court Road, London, tradesman who, for £3, bought a secondhand motor-cycle combination for his errand-boy.

When a policeman stopped the machine he found: two wheels loose, one buckled, the fork bent, the exhaust system loose, the handlebars bent, the gearbox broken, oil leaking, connecting joints loose, the springs broken, the engine joint loose, the control wires broken, and the brakes inefficient.

The police did right to summon that owner, and the £3 fine he had to pay was richly deserved.

Silly summons

But here's a case that should never have been brought to court—that of the Reading doctor summoned because he left his car outside a patient's house on a bend in a narrow road.

The summons was rightly dismissed on payment of four shillings costs, the defence stressing the peril entailed if a doctor has to look for a parking place when he has an urgent case to attend.

Common sense

All of which seems to us to illustrate the need of combining common-sense with the administration of the law.

We have no use for drunken or dangerous drivers. On the other hand, we have no use for coach-owners who deny their drivers speedometers, and the rest of their kidney.

For once in a way, several sets of magistrates have behaved like very reasonable men, and we congratulate them on it.

Ending war debts

A war debt settlement, we can reveal, is much nearer than most people think.

Representatives of the Bank of England and the Treasury have been to the United States and put proposals before both the Republicans and Democrats.

Both parties are favourably impressed, but secrecy has been promised until after the Presidential election.

Good for Mr. Norman

Mr. Montagu Norman has at last awakened to the need of ensuring investors greater protection than they get now.

The Bank of England is therefore conducting discussions with a view to forming a strong committee to watch over investments and ensure that the money is well spent.

This is a job that ought to be done by the Government, but if the Government won't do it, then it is worth while the City trying.

Economy not so popular

What JOHN BULL says to-day, other people think to-morrow. So all sorts of important personages are beginning to discover that cutting down public and private expenditure can only reduce purchasing power and worsen the trade situation.

Now that money is so cheap, the Government could, by bold action, set an example of constructive spending that would have far-reaching results.

And, as we have revealed, this action is favoured by the Premier.

Way to lower rents

The cheaper money rates could be used, for one thing, to reduce rents.

Many local authorities which borrowed money to build municipal houses are under contract to pay up to 6½ per cent. interest for sixty years.

If these interest charges were reduced the rents of municipal houses could be brought down immediately.

The Minister of Health and the Treasury should put their heads together.

Get a move on!

Well, at last we know all about the Ottawa agreements. But what is not generally known is that it may take two or three years to negotiate the new commercial treaties with foreign countries which will result.

Meantime, tariff concessions given to any one country as part of a bargain will be automatically enjoyed by most other countries—to our disadvantage—under the most-favoured-nation clause in their treaties.

The Board of Trade and the Foreign Office had better hurry up these negotiations if trade advantages are not to be lost.

Mr. Norman Wakes Up

Chance for Cheaper Rents

The country life

Agricultural workers in Oxfordshire are up in arms against the scale fixed by the county Wages Committee. We're not surprised.

The minimum wage—which usually means the maximum—is only 28s. for an adult worker. That is for a week of fifty hours in summer and forty-eight in winter.

By eating bread, he helps to pay a subsidy to the farmers which gives them double the world price for their wheat.

We know the farmers are having a bad time. But so are their labourers.

Hospital red tape

Manchester is rightly indignant at the new regulation which allows patients in the municipal hospitals to be visited only by special permit.

Even when the permit is obtained, relatives have to queue up for long periods before being admitted.

The Public Health Department should end this scandal at once.

And again we urge hospital authorities throughout the country to see that queues of out-patients and visitors are made unnecessary in future.

The taxpayers' burden

Though William Dixon drew the "dole," he continued to run a car. You see, he had over £3,000 invested, which gave him a private income of £3 10s. a week.

The Barrow-in-Furness magistrates decided that this wasn't fair, so they fined him £25. Whereupon William protested against being penalised for his thrift, and elected to go to prison for three months.

He may have been thrifty, but he forgot that many taxpayers with a smaller income than his own had to contribute to his keep.

Coroner's lapse

An inquest was held at East Ham on an eleven-weeks-old baby. It died of bronchial pneumonia and was poorly nourished.

The father had been unemployed for over a year. The family income was 29s. 3d. a week, and the child was the youngest of three.

A tragic tale, but with the baby lying dead, Dr. A. Ambrose, the coroner, had no right to say to the father: "For a man out of work to have three children is a scandal. It is as blameworthy for you to have too many children as it would be to take to drink."

Dr. Ambrose's job, as a coroner, is to find the cause of death and not to criticise a father whose child has just died. We hope he will remember that.

Pension ramp

Naval men who wish to commute their pensions into a lump sum are being badly treated by the Admiralty.

When they want to start a business or settle in the Colonies they find that, after twenty-two years' service, they are allowed only twelve years' accumulation, instead of the twenty-eight years allowed by actuaries.

Treated more generously, many pensioners would be glad to commute, and this would reduce the cost of administration.

The real stuff

Hats off to eighteen young British certificated officers (sixteen Englishmen and two New Zealanders), who, unable to get bridge jobs, signed on as a deck crew in Auckland.

The captain said he could not have wished for a better crew.

And it seems to us that the day will come when eighteen crews will say that they could not wish for better captains. We hope it comes soon.

Not so lenient

Sir Lancelot Rolleston has a queer idea of leniency. He had before him at Notts Quarter Sessions a man who had spent twenty years in prison.

This man, William Little, had been trying to go straight, but was forced to leave a mining village because the colliery company learnt of his past. So he slipped back into crime again, and broke into a shop.

The police superintendent said that his conduct since last October had been exemplary. The probation officer said that Little had never "let him down."

Sir Lancelot said he would give Little a light sentence because of this evidence. He gave him three years' penal servitude.

Why the secrecy?

The Ministry of Health, in response to our demand, enquired into the death at a South Shields mental institution of an old man whose jaw was found to be broken.

But the town council has decided to keep the Ministry's findings secret.

As the enquiry was public, the ratepayers have a right to know the verdict. We hope they insist on this right.

The incredible truth

Too incredible to be true!

At least, that's what you must think of the case of the young man who told the Bow Street magistrate he was sent to an industrial school for two years and had been kept there for eight.

He's twenty-seven now, and is likely to be there for the rest of his life unless something is done about it.

The magistrate couldn't help him. The court missionary said the school governor could use a certain amount of discretion.

Discretion indeed! Why should anyone be held prisoner at the discretion of a school governor?

Set them free!

A few moments later, at the same court, a father said that his son, ordered to be kept at a similar school until he was sixteen, was still kept there though he had reached that age.

That these young people can be indefinitely detained in this way is as monstrous a scandal as we have ever known.

What is the Home Office thinking of to allow such a state of affairs to go on?

Influence counts

A reader who replied to an advertisement for a vacant post received a letter from "the foreman," stating that the job had been filled.

The writer, R. Harris, of Naylor Road, London, N., added that another post would be vacant shortly, and that it could be secured if 2s. 6d. was sent to buy the clerk "a few drinks."

We hope that R. Harris and other persons of his kidney get no encouragement in this unfair dodge.

First come—

Ayrshire's Medical Officer has certified that better housing accommodation must be found for a tuberculosis patient if his life is to be saved.

The county council replies that the man must apply for a house in the ordinary way and "wait his turn." By the time that comes, the poor fellow may be beyond saving.

We have heard of similar cases elsewhere. "First come, first served" may be an excellent motto, but there are exceptions to every rule.

My Blackmailers

by an M.P.

THE House of Commons contains more victims of blackmail to the square inch than any other part of the country. Not only financial blackmail—although that ranks pretty high—but blackmail on votes, on policy, on principle.

And now the House has reassembled again we M.P.s will be kept busy reading hundreds of letters threatening us with reprisals at the next election if we do not vote in such-and-such a way.

From the first week I entered Parliament (and this was some years ago) I have been subjected to a never-ending stream of postcards, letters, telephone messages and personal calls.

And the vast majority of them have represented either plainly worded demands for money or orders that I should do this, that, or the other on pain of probably losing my seat.

Mine is not an exceptional case.

I have talked in the friendly atmosphere of the smoke-room, the library, and the dining-room of St. Stephen's to my fellow M.P.s of all Parties. Without exception they have had the same tale to tell.

When the Returning Officer, after the excitement of the poll, announces you as the victor he gives the word "Go" to all the cranks, all the fuss-pots, all the busybodies and all the log-rollers in your constituency.

They'll sack you

YOU are regarded as fair game. Each one of them thinks you have gone to Parliament to do just whatever he or she tells you to do.

And if you don't come to heel they threaten to do their damnedest to have you turned out. Often they succeed.

There are three ways of dealing with them:

(1) You can fork out hundreds of pounds in subscriptions and donations to clubs, societies, sports meetings, bazaars and fêtes and all the rest of them.

(2) You can plead poverty and obey all the other behests, thereby making yourself feel rather a worm.

(3) You can tell them all to go to blazes and just carry on your Parliamentary work according to your conscience and your convictions.

To be able to follow the third method you must have a safe seat with a thumping big majority behind you.

Many of my friends in Parliament—capable, valuable figures in public life—are threatening to give up active politics. They say they cannot combine membership of Parliament with their own self-respect unless they are prepared to fight the dictatorial electorates who have returned them.

It is a serious affair on the money side alone.

Some of my friends at Westminster don't get out of their constituency gifts under £500 a year. That's up to them—if they can afford it, and if they think the title of M.P. is worth the cost and the bother.

The bullies

BUT the policy of blackmail is more important than that.

The most threatening form of it is that which is deliberately organised on a big scale. Nine times out of ten it is concerned with a religious, an educational, or a licensing question. On occasions I have had between 3,000 and 4,000 postcards in a week instructing me to take a certain line of action in a forthcoming debate.

I held the seat only by a majority of under five hundred, and I had views of my own.

What was I to do? I leave the answer to you without telling you what I did.

One's constituents, of course, have a right to say what their views are. But they have no right to bully and browbeat and blackmail. By trying to do so they humiliate their M.P., insult themselves, and make a mockery of public life.

If they don't want you in Parliament they need not send you there. But having sent you they should have the decency to put up with you until the next fight comes along. They should not regard you as a marionette with one set of string-ends attached to *your* limbs and the other set fastened to *their* fingers.

THIS postman's well-filled bag contains trouble for some luckless Member, who is regarded as fair game by the blackmailing constituents, the cranks and the busybodies

Quite apart from this organised bullying, the post-bag life of the ordinary M.P. is well-nigh incredible.

I had been elected only three days when I had a letter from one of the local fire brigades. No words were wasted. The letter just said that the annual dinner of the brigade was to be held on such-and-such a date, that the Member for the division usually subscribed two guineas, and that the writer of the letter would be glad to have my cheque "by return."

And they did not even invite me to the dinner! "Sting him but starve him" was the motto.

Not long afterwards a woman wrote to me complaining about what she thought was a gross miscarriage of British justice. Her husband, with two other men, had been poaching. The two were captured and sentenced to three months. The husband got away, but later on returned home and gave himself up. He got six months.

It really did seem unfair—until, after a lot of trouble, I discovered that he was the only one of the three who was carrying a gun! But I'm certain I lost two votes over that.

That sort of correspondence you don't mind. It comes from the people who regard their M.P. as being a greater being than he himself thinks he is.

And that's saying something.

They have a right to ask you for decent, human advice—a right to bother you, but not to bully you. And you have a responsibility to them which you have no right to dodge.

A little peacemaking

TWO little memories of this kind help me when I feel I want to pat myself on the back.

A woman came to see me to confide about how she was being ill-treated by her husband. That was rather beyond me, so I left it alone for a week or so. Then the husband came to see me to grumble about his wife. A week later they invited me to tea and they seemed as happy as a courting couple.

But from that day to this I've never known how they voted.

There was an old man with an Egyptian Campaign medal. A son wrote to tell him that he had seen "something in the papers" about old soldiers with meritorious service being "legible" for a pension.

The old man got a pension, and I don't mind if I am accused of anything, because I can balance it up against this one:

Another old man wrote to tell me he was being turned out of his cottage because the landlord wanted it. I sent him a telegram and told him to stick in his cottage.

The next day I wrote to him and put the letter in an envelope bearing the House of Commons die-stamp. The letter was returned marked "Not known."

It seemed queer.

I found that the landlord was the sub-postmaster, and he had delivered the telegram.

The old man who was "Not known" is still in his cottage.

There is another type of letter—and I wish we got them more often.

Months ago I received a little parcel containing a fountain pen, with a covering letter saying that the makers were quite certain that I should find it of great value in my Parliamentary work. They added that the invoice was enclosed.

Fight them!

DURING the following three weeks they sent me three more invoices, but have now ceased writing. I still have the pen, and I regard it as a piece of legitimate Parliamentary "graft." If people send me a pen, it's not up to me to complain as long as the nib is a good one.

The system of letter-writing blackmail on M.P.s—which has grown enormously during the last few years—is a blot on our political life. It is an organised form of mass dictation.

I know men in the House of Commons (Conservatives, Liberals and Labour) who have been so sickened by it that they are seriously considering abandoning their political ambitions.

They have minds of their own and they want to exercise them. They are sick to death of being regarded as merely "delegates."

One day they will combine to fight the "Little Al Capones of the constituencies," and then we shall have a happier and more efficient Parliament.

EXTRADITED!—

MEN they

The law's long arm reached out and gripped these runaways—Captain Arthur, seen here with gendarme guard; Francis Lorang with his counsel in court; Gerald Lee Beran, escorted by the Tipstaff. Lastly there is Samuel Insull who will soon feel those fingers tap his shoulder . . .

EVERY now and then the world witnesses the spectacle of some fugitive from justice snapping his fingers at the law of his own land from the sanctuary of some country which refuses to extradite him.

Once it was usually the fugitive who won. The victims he had left behind to suffer poverty or ruin used to read of his smiling appearance on some fashionable *plage*, in the ballroom of some far-distant hotel, or in a casino where any man could seek a gambler's oblivion and know that he was safe. Justice had no passports in those days.

Now it is fast becoming different.

The long arm of Justice is reaching out across the Seven Seas, and the fugitive is finding it harder and harder to wrest himself from its strong grip.

And one day it is going to stretch its detaining fingers into the few remaining countries which, in the absence of extradition treaties, are still bound to protect the runaway.

The fugitive found it fairly easy even as recently as 1920, when the ex-Kaiser scuttled into Holland. The Dutch met the demand of the Allied Powers for his extradition with the statement that they had no power to extradite him.

One false move . . .

To-day the Insull brothers, fallen kings of American big business, seeking a haven from the growing storm gathering round the wreckage of their £100,000,000 American companies, have found it not so easy.

One false move, they have learned, and Justice has them in its grasp.

Their case is a lesson to all the big whales and small fry who have grown up believing it is easy to find a refuge from the law.

If Martin Insull hoped for a sanctuary in Canada, where he found himself when the United States Grand Jury decided to indict him and his brother, he was making a mistake.

Once, perhaps. To-day, with crime becoming more and more international in its scope, the enemy of society in one country is an enemy of society in most of the others as well—and the law refuses to be cheated of its quarry.

Samuel Insull, senior, Martin's brother, installed with his family in a Paris hotel with the broad Atlantic between him and the enquiry into his dealings, might have felt still more confident of escaping his accusers.

There was Luxembourg. Many a man has sought sanctuary there. It is known that Luxembourg protects its own nationals against extradition. Would it protect an American against the American courts? Even an absconding lawyer could feel doubtful about that, for British judges have been doubtful as to what might happen if a British felon hid himself away in Luxembourg.

Where to hide?

There was England, once Samuel Insull's homeland, for he was a working London boy before he became a world-famous American millionaire worth £20,000,000. Could England do anything for him? How often his mind must have turned over that question as he walked the boulevards of Paris with his wife, or sipped coffee in luxurious hotel rooms.

And Monaco. It was rumoured that he had gone there when matters came to a head in America and he disappeared from his family circle in Paris.

Portugal? It is doubtful whether the American courts could have extradited him from there, which probably explains why he was believed to have reached Portugal by aeroplane.

No, he disappeared to reappear in Athens.

But wherever his whereabouts, he will find that to-day, with both America and England parties to more than sixty extradition treaties, it is becoming harder than it ever was for men like him to find a place from which one can defy the law.

Jabez Balfour was one of the first to realise that Time is playing its hand against the "wanted man" who absconds from his own country. No greater drama has ever centred round pursuer and pursued than in his case.

When his vast commercial ventures were collapsing on the quicksands of crooked finance he entertained lavishly a house-party in his beautiful home near Oxford.

The mellowed old place breathed an air of opulence, and no wonder the guests believed their host to be one of the richest of millionaires. Only Jabez Balfour, of all that company, knew the truth.

In the cool of the evening, when the party had adjourned to the terrace, a messenger entered and whispered a word in the ear of the bearded little man. The blow had fallen. The wheels of justice were gathering speed.

Balfour walked into his mansion, as if for a refresher. And shortly after, with the party still going on, an express train was bearing him away to the Spanish frontier.

Soon his trickery was known to them. And Jabez Balfour had got away with it. Or so they thought.

Then a new figure entered business life in Buenos Aires, a masterly financier who set everybody talking. But the law's long arm was reaching out, and it unmasked the figure of Jabez Balfour.

Legal skirmishes

Was there ever such impudence in the whole history of flight and extradition! Under a different name, with shaven features and changed appearance, he was building up a vast brewery enterprise on the other side of the Atlantic. The man who had become a millionaire in England was well on the way to becoming a South American plutocrat.

There was no extradition treaty between Great Britain and the Argentine then, and well Balfour knew it. So safe did he feel that he treated the discovery of his identity with a mere gesture of annoyance. Then he snapped his fingers at the Scotland Yard detectives who crossed the Atlantic to arrest him.

And why not? How could he foresee that Great Britain would make an extradition treaty with the Argentine and make it retrospective, so that it would rope him in?

He resisted, strenuously. He fought the case to the Supreme Court of the

Impudent Postal Bluff

MOST honest citizens have a terror of being dragged into the courts and will even suffer themselves to be mulcted rather than face litigation.

James Ryder, of Castle Arcade, Belfast, is evidently aware of this fact and has set himself out to exploit it.

Using books of reference to obtain addresses, Ryder sends packages of his wares to people of standing, stipulating that they pay for the goods or return them.

As these packages were not ordered and are not wanted many of the recipients very properly ignore Ryder's request, asking themselves why they should be put to the trouble and expense of returning goods thus foisted upon them.

When this happens, he immediately begins bombarding them with letters that become progressively impudent and finally adopt a threatening tone.

That quite a number of his unfortunate victims pay up rather than be involved in any trouble is evidenced by the fact that Ryder has been at this game for some little time.

No doubt he finds it profitable, but these methods of business cannot be tolerated.

by the LAW'S LONGER ARM

HUNT across the EARTH

republic. And
hen he did not
ally lose.

While the British detectives were
tually hurrying him aboard an out-
ing ship, officers from an inferior
urt boarded the ship and produced
pers ordering his release, a last-
inute loophole having been dis-
vered.

But the Scotland Yard officers were
t to lose him as easily as all that.
hey put the open ocean between them-
lves and the Argentine law. Balfour
s caught.

Ruse that failed

Two years ago Francis Lorang showed
e same ignorance of the tightening up
the extradition system. To-day he is
rving seven years' penal servitude in
itish prisons as a result.

He thought he knew a trick far better
an waiting in one country until the
w-moving machinery of the law could
tch him. He would move from one
untry to another quickly, using aero-
nes all the time. Extradition, cum-
rsome as it is, could not catch him
en.

Cumbersome as it *was*, he meant.

He hid in Paris while the affairs of the Blue Bird group of companies were being investigated, writing letters to English newspapers from unknown addresses and claiming all the time that his whereabouts was well known to the authorities.

And all the time he was flitting round Europe, to Belgrade and Athens and a dozen other great cities, working out his scheme of escape.

When the warrant was issued for his arrest he went to Luxembourg, his own country. But when a loophole in the law that might have meant his extradition was discovered, he moved again.

One day he was in one country, the next in another. Until a certain evening when he went to a Montmartre cabaret with two fashionably dressed women.

A man tapped him on the shoulder. "Excuse me," he said in French.

The French Ministry of Justice, acting on a request of the British authorities, had acted. And Lorang was brought to London to face his trial.

He is only one of dozens who have tried to evade justice in the last few years. And almost without exception they have failed. All they have done is to throw grit in the wheels of the law, usually getting longer sentences for causing delay and expense.

There was Lord Terrington, who lived for nearly a year in Boulogne with a London warrant out for his arrest. Had he fought extradition to the bitter end there is no doubt he would have lost. After a year he decided to come home and stand his trial.

Gerard Lee Bevan, the old-Etonian financier who made a dramatic last-minute escape from England, grew a beard and wandered all over Europe with the police of every country watching for him. He hoped against hope that he would find a safe haven in the end. He never succeeded.

At last he was tempted to settle in an Austrian hotel, lest his continual moving should create suspicion. Disguised with a full beard and new name, he waited hopefully. Then one day came the voice: "Excuse me. . . . Excuse me, Mr. Bevan."

And Captain Arthur, wanted in connection with the famous "Mr. A" case, which involved the blackmailing of the Maharajah of Kashmir, Sir Hari Singh.

Taking refuge in Paris, Captain Arthur fought extradition in the Paris courts—and won. But what a hollow success it was.

Gialdini's capture

It was decided that his offence had been committed in France, so they tried him and sentenced him in that country. If he had faced a British trial he would possibly have got off with a speedier trial and a shorter sentence.

The same with Gialdini. This Italian associate of Hatry fled England and made his way to his native Italy, only to find that victory over an extradition demand was followed by trial in his own country—and imprisonment.

Sometimes extradition has seemed harsh. The public felt that way about the Roger Roques case. After three abortive attempts this Frenchman escaped from Devil's Island to New York, where he settled down as a respectably married man, and afterwards came to England as a citizen as law-abiding as any you could find.

Then the French authorities heard about him. His tale, told to the Bow Street magistrate, was a pitiful one. The court hesitated a long time before acting. Then it was told that treaties demanded Roques' extradition.

And so he was torn from a happy English home and devoted wife and children to return to a life of hell, the beginning of which was two years' solitary confinement as punishment for his escape.

And Jean Pierre Capellini. He, too, escaped from the French penal settlement and reached New York. An extradition treaty between America and France was doing its work when the Italian turned to his own country, Italy, and asked whether it were not true that such a treaty did not cover the case of an Italian.

But his own country turned an unsympathetic ear to his pleadings. It refused to act. And he, too, went back to Devil's Island.

Times have changed indeed in the matter of extradition. Once, long ago, you could laugh at the law the moment you put to sea.

A hundred years ago, when a Spanish convict hulk went ashore on the south coast of England while *en route* from Spain to Cuba, the English law officers decided that the Spanish convicts were entitled to sanctuary on British soil, and their descendants can be found here to-day.

We were harsh in those times in our treatment of small offenders, having no hesitation in imposing the death penalty for horse or sheep stealing. But we had no hesitation in protecting a ship-load of out-and-out criminals against the whole world if need be.

Law's one defeat

Even as recently as 1905 a man who escaped from Devil's Island in a canoe cut out of a tree was able, by proving his British nationality after a twelve-months' fight in the British courts, to claim the sanctuary of these isles.

Many others tried to repeat his success, but in vain. One tried to get away from the Island of the Lost in a packing-case labelled: "Rare plants: store away from boilers: water frequently." Another stabbed himself and simulated death so that he could be taken to the dissecting-room and use the heavy post-mortem table as a raft on which to make his escape.

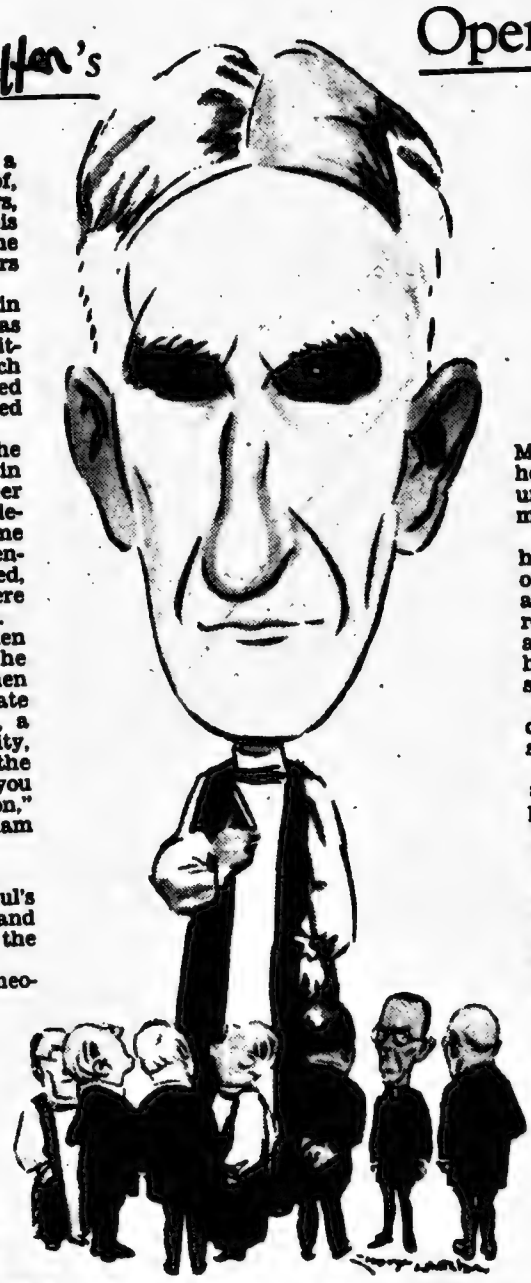
To-day more and more extradition treaties are being made.

Soon they will rope in places like the Republic of San Marino, some of the Pacific islands, and other sinks of humanity where any man you meet is as likely as not to be a refugee from the arm of the law.

And the day will no doubt come when no country will provide a safe sanctuary for the man who is seeking to outwit the law of another.

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to BISHOP BARNES



You SAY what you THINK TRUE

DEAR BISHOP,—Your life is a great romance, a proof, as are so many others, of how democratic this country is, in spite of the way in which foreigners think titles control our lives.

You were brought up as a Baptist in Birmingham and, when you returned as its great bishop, the centre of the bitterest conflict now raging in the Church of England, your mother still worshipped at the Baptist chapel which you attended as a boy.

The world does not know of the loyalty which you command, the way in which the choir boys at Westminster Abbey, for instance, mourned your departure when you left your quiet home in the cloisters, full of books and enshrined in peace, to become the hated, and yet beloved, bishop in a city where your Church was at war with herself.

Nor does the world know how, when you refused to ordain a curate unless he promised not to break the law, and when you found then that even the Primate reproved you, the Rev. F. C. Spurr, a Baptist minister in the Midland city, asked you, "What will you do if the Bishop of Exeter prosecutes you?" you replied, "My bag is packed for prison," and he retorted, "Half Birmingham would like to go with you."

• • •

Yet, when you preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, a City rector stood up and shouted, objecting to your being in the pulpit.

"He is a mathematician, not a theologian," your enemies say of you, having to pay tribute to your brains, but turning even the tribute into a sneer.

You are the spearhead of Protestantism, and, as such, in the forefront of a fight.

I admire you because you lead a battle which is not of your own making. You wanted the quietness of the Abbey cloisters, not the battlefield. You wanted to read books, and write them, and preach, every now and then, in the Abbey pulpit, which is open to almost all religious views.

Yet, even there, I have seen old men turn pale with fury at what you said.

As you have indicted some of the things in which I believe, I can praise you without partiality to your side. I admire people who say what they really think, even if I do not agree with it. Indeed, I prefer the frankness of an honest opponent to the subservience of some people who agree with me.

It is a remarkable thing for an Englishman to admit, but, while we try to convert to Christianity the Indians, and the Zulus, and the Greenlanders, there are over 200 kinds of Christians in this land of ours—and most of them at war with one another.

Usually, it is only when, say, Naomi Mitchison writes a book that they think hostile to their views that the Churches unite and come out boldly as one man.

You are a great democrat. I have heard you in the Abbey say, on the eve of the first Labour Government's acceptance of office, "This means neither a revolution nor the millennium. . . . Yet always in time of stress, England has had to depend upon people who have sprung from humble places."

You are the enemy of the sacerdotalism with which so many clergy seek to surround themselves.

You speak as a man—not as a priest—and yet, as a scientist, you boldly prophesy the day when Science and Religion will unite, for, as a scientist, you see that God works through laws of which Science is always discovering more and more, and, as a man of religion, you see that Science to-day is groping through one end of a tunnel, and Religion is trying, at the other end, to peer through the darkness which divides the two.

It is such men as you who, in the end, will, I believe, unite religions.

• • •

After all, you mean what you say. You are an enemy of slums, which you have indicted from the Abbey pulpit—the slums which you knew were right under the Abbey walls.

You are an enemy of class distinctions. You came from one, and you adorn another. You had the courage to tell your fellow-Anglicans, the other day, that only Quakers had dared to be faithful to their pacifism when the war was on.

Yes, nearly all of us hate something of what you say. I am afraid that a preacher who was popular would be a mere worm who gave a congregation the idea that it was all the other people in the world; the ones who were not listening, who were the wicked ones.

When you go back to the Abbey few of the canons, of whom not long ago you were one, look at you with admiring eyes. The dean wonders what on earth you are going to say. You become part of a show and, in robes that are magnificent, you tower above the lot of them, except Archdeacon Storr.

• • •

It must be fine to be hated, as you are hated by some people, for, whether you are right or wrong, at least you are hated because you say what you believe is true.

They say of you that, when you were Master of the Temple, Lloyd George, wanting a bishop, sent someone to hear you, and that, when he came back and reported that you had been speaking frankly of his Government, Lloyd George said, "That's the sort of man I want!"

Yes, a man who can address the Royal Society, and the Church Congress, and a humble meeting of prayerful people, and talk to them all in their own language, is a man whom I admire, whatever the rest may think.

Yet the pity is—here comes the paradox—that the people who oppose you in the Church of England are the ones who, in these days, are doing nearly all the social work.

That is why any critic of orthodoxy, in these days, is always left puzzling as to which is right and which is wrong, and where Truth lies.

We shall all know, one day. You may be, on that morning, as surprised as the rest of us.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. SIR KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Comparisons are always odious, and in view of the two recent cases of elderly postmasters being severely injured in tackling armed bandits I can't agree with you that women are braver than men in bandit raids.

Still, I'm glad you are taking measures to protect both men and women who may have to face death in defending public money.

Let's hope those measures will succeed.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.,
39, *Bow Road, London, E.*

DEAR GEORGE,—If I heeded the lamentations of those who can always see evil everywhere, I might believe that the majority of our young folk are vicious and degenerate.

But you maintain that, despite the falling marriage and birth rates, the standard of morality is higher than ever. And I believe you.

Had the light of publicity been thrown as fiercely on earlier generations as on the present, the Dismal Jimmies of to-day would find little to complain about.

JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF LINCOLN,
Old Palace, Lincoln

MY LORD,—I agree that licensing justices should encourage public-house owners to improve their premises rather than reduce public-houses to the lowest possible number.

As you say, some justices maintain the latter policy with the idea that it will eventually result in total prohibition.

And you rightly add that we have abundant evidence from across the Atlantic that prohibition may have extremely dangerous results. We want none of it here!

JOHN BULL.

Judge HOLMAN GREGORY,
The Old Bailey

DEAR JUDGE,—I can think of no one who could better fill the place of Sir Henry Dickens as Common Serjeant.

Your keen interest in the welfare of ex-convicts, and your efforts to secure State assistance for discharged prisoners whose past misdeeds have handicapped them in their attempts to earn an honest living, prove that you have the heart as well as the head for the job.

JOHN BULL.

HAILE SILLASSIE,
King of Abyssinia

YOUR MAJESTY,—At last you have issued a proclamation freeing slaves and giving instructions for the method of their liberation.

I have waited over-long for this.

Now prove yourself worthy of the title "King of Kings" by seeing that your proclamation is something more than a magnificent string of majestic words.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN MAX,
Berwick Street, London, W.

TRICKSTER,—You have just been convicted of giving short weight from your fruit barrow, the deficiency amounting to as much as six ounces in the pound.

There have been far too many cases lately of this particularly shabby form of fraud, which will be stamped out only by severe sentences.

I am glad, therefore, that you were fined £40, and I hope future offenders will be similarly dealt with.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY: Sorry the B.B.C. lost your manuscript and so stopped your talk. I know some speakers who really deserved this fate.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JONES,
Rhos-on-Sea, North Wales

DEAR MADAM,—No longer can you be called a member of the weaker sex.

When your car collided with a van, the two men in the van were trapped beneath the wreckage of their vehicle. You promptly raised the twisted mass of iron to allow them to crawl out.

I admire both your presence of mind and strength of arm.

JOHN BULL.

The EARL OF FEVERSHAM,
Nawton Tower, Yorkshire

MY LORD,—You are the first landlord to follow the King's example of reducing the rents of his farmer tenants.

Knowing the difficulties of the farmer, you announce, you will in future allow a rebate of fifteen per cent. on your rents.

Well, more farmers have had to quit their holdings this autumn than ever before. For the sake of those who are still trying to carry on, I hope your wise and generous action will be widely followed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. SAWARD,
Saward, Baker & Co., Ltd., London

DEAR SIR,—The brochure in which you vigorously appeal for an end of the "buyers' strike" is welcome.

British manufacturers, you point out, should do everything possible to make the public buy more freely—not only in their own interests, but because it is their national duty.

We want wise spending rather than insane saving, and manufacturers can do much to convince the public of this truth. I hope they will follow your sound advice.

JOHN BULL.

L.N.E.R.: New diesel-electric train has made trial run of 25,000 miles for only £87. Better reduce costs this way than by cutting wages.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor STEWART REID,
Glasgow Corporation

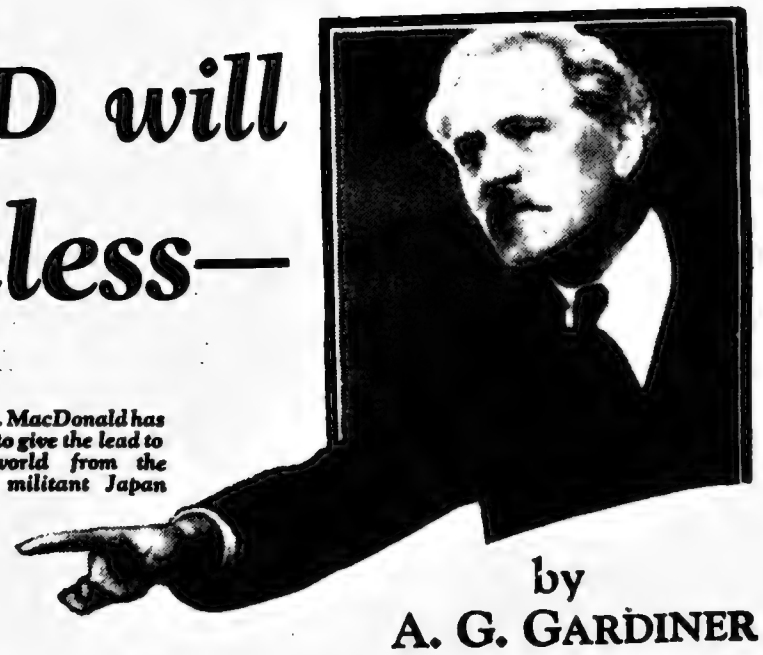
DEAR CHANCELLOR,—You have earned my thanks for defeating the proposal to save £7,500 by closing down a hundred hospital beds in Glasgow.

Nobody denied your statement that every existing bed is necessary and every hospital has a long waiting-list. How such a plan came to be seriously considered passes my comprehension.

Whatever retrenchment may have to be made, we must never try to save on the sick and infured.

JOHN BULL.

THE WORLD will RE-ARM, unless—



—unless Mr. MacDonald has the courage to give the lead to save the world from the menace of militant Japan

by
A. G. GARDINER

IF I talk of Mr. MacDonald's opportunity, I do so because his direct responsibility can no longer be avoided. Sir John Simon has had his opportunity. He has proved lamentably unequal to the task. He missed the great moment nearly a year ago. Now that a still more fateful moment is here, Mr. MacDonald himself must take the helm.

Three great issues are in the balance: Disarmament, Manchuria, the World Economic Conference. Together they involve the fate of human society.

The alternative is World War or World Peace, and the events of the next few weeks will decide the choice. And on the course of those events the influence of this country will be the most potent factor.

The world has drifted into its present desperate plight for lack of leadership. And no country has been so culpable in this respect as our own, for no other country had so much right to give a lead. But we have hum'd and ha'd, paltered and trifled until the situation is almost out of hand. If it is to be saved, Mr. MacDonald must act now.

Climax . . .

I have spoken of three great issues; but they are not separate issues. They hang together. The solution of one will help to the solution of all.

The economic catastrophe cannot be lifted without world confidence being restored; confidence cannot be restored without an atmosphere of peace; an atmosphere of peace is impossible without disarmament, and disarmament is impossible unless the League of Nations can win in the coming struggle with Japan over Manchuria.

That struggle reaches its climax next month, when the Lytton report comes before the Assembly of the League. Upon the issue depends whether the world will disarm or re-arm, whether the League is the dominant power on the earth or a mere pious aspiration, whether War or Peace is the destiny of mankind.

If Japan wins, the Disarmament Conference is doomed. And for this reason: Japan will refuse to reduce her navy; therefore the United States will make no reductions; in consequence Great Britain will make none; and unless Great Britain reduces her fleet, France will not reduce her army.

That is one point. The next is this: If Japan's defiance of the League Covenant, the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty is established, France will be convinced that covenants and treaties are worthless paper. She has never believed much in the League or in covenants. If Japan now proves that she can ride rough-shod over them, France will not disarm: she will arm more furiously.

Menacing . . .

And so with Germany. The dominant forces in the present German Government want Rearmament more than Disarmament. Their immediate objective is to retake the "corridor" from Poland. They believe the League has failed to protect Manchuria and that both the covenant and the Locarno Treaty are now "scraps of paper."

Everything turns upon the issue of the battle over the Lytton report next month. If the League can assert its authority and compel Japan to respect the covenant and her treaty obligations, confidence will be restored and the cause of disarmament will be victorious. If Japan snaps her fingers in the face of the League and the League fails to act unanimously and decisively, disarmament will be dead.

What are the prospects? It would be idle to pretend that they are good. On the contrary, they are as menacing as they can well be. Japan has tasted blood. For a year she has defied the League and her present mood is insolently bellicose.

A few days ago *The Times* published extracts from an amazing speech by General Araki, the Japanese Minister of War, in which he openly advocated a Japanese hegemony of Asia.

He denounces the "oppression" of Eastern Asia by "the white people," and declares that Japan "should no longer let the impertinence go unpunished." He proposes to extend Japanism over Eastern Asia and even as far as India. In a word, Japan is to set up a Monroe doctrine for Asia and become the "leader and protector" of other Asiatic races, whether they like it or not!

That is the attitude of the military party in Japan, and it is the military party which is in power. The white man is to be swept out of Asia, and the "heathen Chinee" and the mild Hindoo are to fall under the beneficent sway of Japan. The fact that the Chinese themselves want the white man and do not want the Japanese is dismissed as irrelevant.

And Japan is not only digging herself in in Manchuria. She is preparing to undermine the solidarity of the League in Europe. Already she has spent enormous sums in corrupting the Paris Press, and she is now arranging to spend more. I hear on excellent authority that the sum allocated to the purpose is eighty million francs.

Ominous . . .

It is an ominous fact, for never did Europe and the League need to speak with a more united voice, and if France is "nobbled" the chances of a League victory are gravely diminished. But the Paris Press is not France. Its venal character is known and we may hope that M. Herriot will not permit his country to be the bought instrument for the destruction of the League and the betrayal of the liberties of China.

But the fact only emphasises the burden of responsibility which rests on this country and on Mr. MacDonald as the vehicle of our policy. If the League is to be saved and if disarmament is not to be torpedoed, the Lytton report must be ratified and its recommendations enforced. We made a terrible blunder nine months ago.

If the Manchurian adventure had been met at the beginning by "a united front of persuasive firmness," to use the phrase of Sir Frederick Whyte, the late political adviser to China, the military party in Japan would not have got out of hand. For that failure the British Government, which neglected to back the protests of the United States, is chiefly responsible.

Now the task is infinitely harder. But if Mr. MacDonald gives the lead, and the League, together with the United States, speaks with one voice, the Japanese Government will be made to see that it cannot defy the world.

There is no question of the application of force. Moral pressure and diplomatic action alone will suffice, for no country to-day can afford to be isolated Many good judges at Geneva believe that the withdrawal of ambassadors would still be a sufficient step to bring Japan to reason.

If this action were accompanied by the threat of the expulsion of Japan from the League I cannot doubt that the result would be satisfactory, for the Japanese attach immense importance to their position as a Great Power and would not risk the economic consequences of political ostracism.

Finally, Mr. MacDonald should consolidate the League against supplying Japan with arms and loans for the prosecution of her aggressive purposes.

Firmness at this moment will save the League, the cause of disarmament, and the peace of the world. It is Mr. MacDonald's opportunity.

Not from the B.B.C.—The Ex-Crown Prince examines—

The Botch on the Rhine

PAPA is still in Holland
Hacking at his trees,
While I am in the Fatherland,
Shaking at the knees
And feeling rather wonky—
This much I will own—
But with more than half an eye
Fixed upon the Throne.

Shall I—dare I—venture?
How much is my name
Honoured in the country
Where, when danger came,
I was counted missing?
If I seek renown
Am I being fitted
For a martyr's Crown?

After having been for so long treated as a nonentity, it is not distasteful to find myself once again in the limelight. But this sudden emergence from obscurity has its uncomfortable side.

For example, a beastly Socialist paper, *Vorwaerts*, is demanding that I be arraigned for high treason, on the ground that I am concerned in a plot to restore the monarchy, with myself as monarch.

I shall not go so far as to say that in no circumstances would I ascend the throne which was left vacant when the All-Highest went to Holland for his health; but little Willie certainly is not prepared to shout: "A hearse! A hearse! My kingdom for a hearse!"

Recklessness has never been numbered among my vices. When in the army, I sometimes, like the Duke of Plaza-Toro, led my troops into battle, but I invariably led them out again; and even the Allies must admit that I was not in the habit of helping myself to guns and prisoners at their expense.

Since the war—when the supply of champagne and dancing-girls at my G.H.Q. made a soldier's life worth living—I have had a dull time, during which it has more than once occurred to me that as my esteemed papa has abandoned his place in the sun there should be a chance for the son in his place.

Unfortunately, however, I am not as young as I was. In the old days I was so addicted to a fast life that I was able to beat all speed records in getting out of the Fatherland. But in a similar emergency I might be less successful if burdened with a crown.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to toy with the idea of staging a come-back, like a battered prima donna wondering whether to risk her thirty-seventh farewell performance.

I am back in the limelight again, friends,
Back in the limelight again.
But whether the show will flop or go
Is something that's not yet plain.

I am learning again the goose-step.
I am ready to take salutes,
And I hope in time that my heart will climb
From its favourite home—my boots.

My uniform's brushed and ready.
And a crown can be soon obtained;
But its rim may chafe—is it really safe
To reign where my father reigned?

So, though I may thirst for glory,
I'll somehow control my thirst;
My motto—revealed on the battlefield—
Has ever been "Safety first."

But I'm back in the news again, friends,
I'm back in the news again;
Like Harold Lloyd and the unemployed,
I'm back in the news again.

MORE BEAUTY for YOU
with toilet preparations bought at BOOTS!

REASONS WHY— Safe and pure if it's Boots

Skilled analysts in the vast cosmetic laboratories at Nottingham test and re-test every ingredient before it is used—the tests on Boots beauty preparations are just as careful as the tests on special hospital medicines! Yet, because of enormous demand Boots prices are very reasonable. *By shopping at Boots you can save shillings every week!*

—Wider Selection at Boots

All the other well-known beauty preparations as well as Boots popular lines. All your own special favourites, at the Boots shop just a few streets away—in exactly the shades, the sizes, the perfumes, and the containers you like best. If it is to be had in town, you will find it at Boots shop with a courteous Boots assistant at your service.

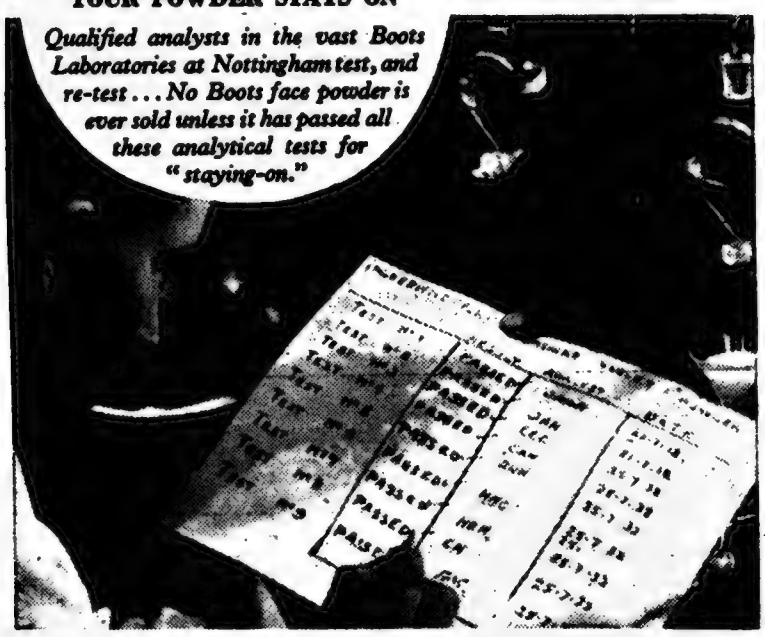
—Fresher goods at Boots

Cold Cream, just like ordinary cream, is better the fresher it is. So it is with all your beauty preparations—it is wise to buy them where you can be sure they are fresh! That is one of the big advantages in shopping at Boots. Millions of customers are served at Boots shops every year. So the turnover of stock is enormous. Everything is of the freshest at Boots!

Nice to know you always look cool and fresh—no matter how busily you work or play. But only the highest-quality powders will stay on like this—powders that have been properly tested.

YOUR POWDER STAYS ON

Qualified analysts in the vast Boots Laboratories at Nottingham test, and re-test . . . No Boots face powder is ever sold unless it has passed all these analytical tests for "staying-on."



After a busy day pores need cleansing. Unless the ingredients in your cold cream are absolutely pure, it will not be smooth enough to penetrate deep down and really clean the pores.

PORE-CLEANSING COLD CREAM

Analysts at Nottingham test all ingredients used in Boots Cold Cream for absolute purity and right strength. Here, for example, is an analyst exercising rigid control of the fat content.

TRY THESE SPECIAL LINES TODAY

Genuine Eau-de-Cologne
Imperial Pint 1/9
4-oz. & 8-oz. bottles, 6d, 10½d

Lavender Water
Imperial Pint 1/9
4-oz. & 8-oz. bottles, 6d, 10½d

Delightful for the bath; for washing and freshening the face; as an astringent after shaving; and sprayed for freshening rooms. Amazingly inexpensive.

Boots
Toilet Specialists

Boots Cleansing Cold Cream for Massage
Jars . . . . . 6d and 1/-
Tubes 6d

Boots Cleansing Skin Tonic 1/-

Boots Cleansing Cold Cream Soap 4d

OVER 950 SHOPS . . . THERE IS ONE NEAR YOU . . . WHY NOT STOP THERE *TODAY* WHEN YOU SHOP?

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

THE impudence and resource of some rogues seem boundless, and the exploits of a person who passes variously as Mary Jean Cooper, Maud Cooper and Mary E. Fisher serve to show how these qualities have been combined to impose upon a number of people of title and distinction.

I have before me particulars of nearly a dozen recent cases in which this trickster has figured, and the experience of a well-known baronet and racehorse owner may be given as typical.

This gentleman was favoured a little while back with a letter signed "Mary Jean Cooper," in which the writer claimed to be an old family servant.

There was a convincing reference to his father and the fact that the old servant remembered the baronet as a boy. For the sake of this past link with the family Mary Jean Cooper now ventured to ask a favour.

She was now happily married with three fine children. Her husband had just secured a post in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, with excellent future prospects.

Glib request

But the little family had sunk all its resources in arranging to emigrate, and money was urgently needed for final expenses before departure.

It seemed a pity that such a splendid opportunity should be lost for so trifling a sum, yet every possible penny had been realised, so, with some diffidence, Mary Jean had decided to approach the son of her former employer.

If he would be so kind as to make them a loan it could be repaid within three months. Indeed, it would be regarded as the first obligation to be discharged once the family had settled in Canada.

As evidence of good faith, the writer offered to forward steamship tickets for inspection or to call by appointment for an interview should the baronet be in London.

In spite of the seeming genuineness of this candid appeal for assistance, I can here reveal Mary Jean Cooper as a shameless impostor.

The individual demands are always modest—rarely exceeding £12—but they are made with such persistency and in so many different quarters that the aggregate hauls must be very substantial.

I have evidence of this writer's handiwork extending over a couple of years, and I am amazed at the ingenuity displayed.

But Mary Jean Cooper is no ordinary begging-letter writer. On the contrary, this old and faithful servant of half the nobility is decidedly original in more ways than one.

It may come as a shock to many of the titled people who have responded to these touching appeals when I tell them I have discovered that Mary Jean Cooper, alias Maud Cooper, alias Mary E. Fisher, *is really a man!*

The originator of this "old servant" swindle is actually a rogue named Arthur Cooper, who has had so many different addresses in recent months that it is difficult to trace him.

A lot of his appeals for financial aid have been sent out from Alicedale, Main Road, Felpham; Speranza, Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis; St. James Place, Brighton; College Road, Harrow; East Street, Horsham; Vere Road, Preston Park, and Arundel Street, Brighton.

From enquiries I have had made it is clear that he does not always write as a woman. I have specimens of his handiwork before me in which he has signed himself as Arthur Cooper, E. Cooper, and Andrew Fisher.

In the last name he approached a famous general and pretended that his wife had once been a servant in the general's Mayfair home.

He mentioned his wife's maiden name, saying that he was positive that the general would recall her. Then he outlined his favourite story of a promised post overseas and the urgent need for a matter of £12 or so to enable the family to sail.

So convincing were the details he was able to set forth that the money was sent by return of post with sincere wishes for the family's future success.

This kindly response evidently convinced Cooper that he had found a suitable subject for exercising his inventive talents.

Piling it on

He at once wrote expressing his gratitude in most respectful terms, and then, after allowing a judicious interval to elapse, sent a third letter which he signed as Mary E. Fisher.

"You will remember helping my husband and children earlier in the year," he wrote, and then proceeded to unfold a fresh tale of woe.

The family had duly started off to catch the boat, but the youngest child had had a fall on the way to the docks and had been too badly hurt to travel. So while the husband and the other children had sailed, the mother had remained behind to nurse her injured boy and was now stranded.

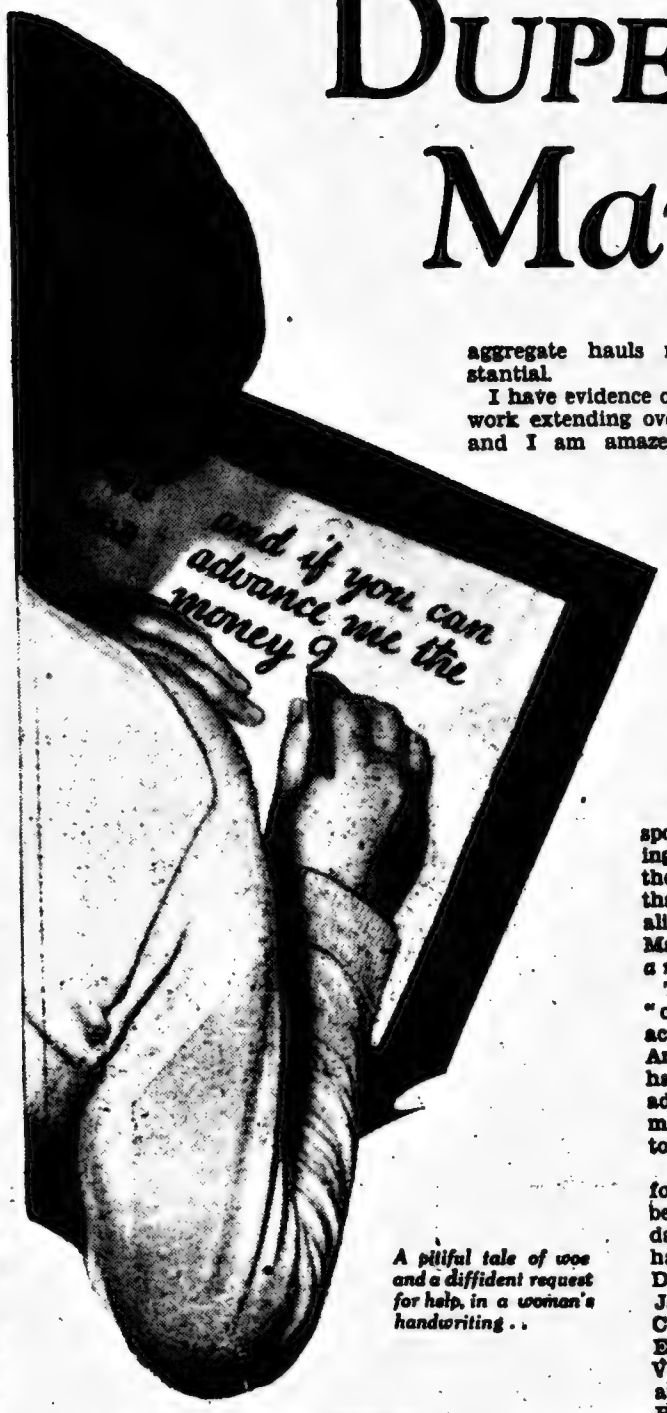
Could the general, in his goodness, help her a little further to enable her to rejoin her husband?

Cooper's greed in this case proved his undoing. Although he had allowed several months to elapse, he failed to vary his handwriting sufficiently when penning this second appeal, and the general's suspicions were instantly aroused.

A complaint was lodged with the authorities, but Cooper disappeared from his address and has been on the move ever since.

It would be possible to cite numerous other examples of this man's roguery, but I think I have said enough to show that he is a person who might well receive the attention of the police.

Meanwhile I should be interested to hear from any reader who can throw light on his present whereabouts.



A pitiful tale of woe and a diffident request for help, in a woman's handwriting . .

DUPED by a Man-Woman

FAMOUS PEOPLE SWINDLED

Queer Nudist Cult

IN a leading article recently we dealt with some "Nudists We Don't Like," and to the same black-list might be added a newly-formed movement known as the British and Universal Sun-bathing Nudist Society.

From its headquarters at 38, Harrington Street, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1, it is sending out circulars inviting people to become active or associate members of what it is pleased to term a "democratic type" of organisation.

When centres have been formed in various towns it proposes to establish at least one colony, and it now offers encouragement in the "practice of nudity in common."

The organising secretary is a Mr. Hugh Stuart, while a Miss Madge Farras officiates as "social secretary."

Members of both sexes are wanted, and part of the "encouragement" lies in the fact that no one need give his or her own name.

Would-be nudists who wish to enjoy the alleged benefits of this new society need feel no diffidence about "breaking the ice." They may be known by their Christian name only, or by a number or any fictitious name they may care to give.

"Your identity will be obscured," says the obliging society, "unless you wish at any time to disclose it."

Yet, in the same breath almost, the organising secretary declares that they are careful in admitting members.

They will have to be careful indeed if members are openly encouraged to obscure their identity and to give false names.

People who are interested are invited to send along a deposit of 5s. "as a guarantee of good faith" and to ensure that time will not be wasted in interviews with "mere mongers."

In sending this fee they must also sign an undertaking to remove all their clothing at the initial interview if required to do so.

While no one can object to clean-minded people taking up open-air health culture, it is difficult to see what good is likely to be achieved by mushroom societies of this kind.

It is also difficult to understand why people who want to be frank and divest themselves of their clothes should require to cloak their identity under a false name or number.

Finally, the fact that these circulars are being sent out quite unsolicited to people who are at a loss to know how their names and addresses have been obtained cannot be too strongly condemned.

Two Hot *Snowballs*

AN astonishing proposition is being put before the public by two individuals named E. W. Walton and G. E. Belmont, who trade under the title of "Leathercraftsmen," from 78-81, Fetter Lane, London.

They are self-styled "manufacturers of all kinds of leather articles and novelties," and wholesale suppliers to bazaars, hospitals, institutions, corporations and firms of "presentation gifts and advertising novelties."

People are being told that for a few shillings outlay they may be fortunate enough to obtain £1,100 or at least "a good sum of money."

Applicants must first send £1, in return for which a "special" leather case will be forwarded to them.

They must then rope in two friends apiece to make similar purchases, and all these new customers must find three new clients apiece.

This familiar snowball process must go on through seven successive stages until the figures run into thousands.

It is when this seventh stage is reached that the £1,100 commission is supposed to become payable, and anyone who considers such a scheme practicable had better sit down with a pencil and paper and work out the figures for himself.

* * *

Another snowball scheme is being launched by J. C. Butterworth and Ian Grant, of 3, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, London, who trade as Prosperity Pens, Ltd.

They are still more generous. A purchaser of a 5s. pen is offered commission of £5,000 if he complies with certain rules.

He must find ten other customers, who in turn must carry on the good work and keep the sales going.

If he cares to start a second series running in the same way his commission may be increased to £10,000. And all for selling five-shilling pens!

We advise readers to leave both these propositions alone.

90% of its nourishment can be turned to human energy in a few hours

Everybody is saying it. "I do like Cadbury's new food-drink." They like the delicious flavour. And they like Cadbury's Bourn-vita because it does them so much good. This perfect food-drink induces peaceful, refreshing sleep at night and builds new energy for the morning—90% of the nourishment in Cadbury's Bourn-vita can be turned to human energy in a few hours.

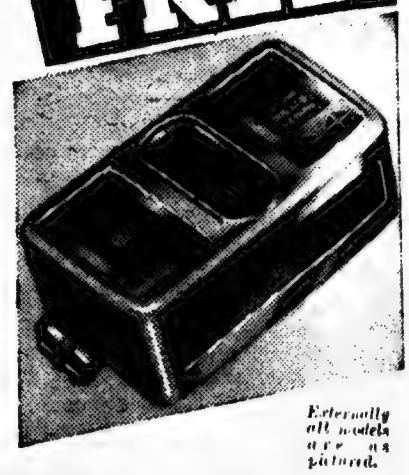
FEEL THE BENEFIT TO-MORROW!

Even by to-morrow you will feel a beneficial effect after taking your Cadbury's Bourn-vita to-night. The main ingredients used—fresh, full cream milk and eggs from British farms with British malt and Empire cocoa—are combined according to a formula which ensures a scientifically calculated balance of nourishing elements essential to good health, but often inadequately provided by ordinary diet. Cadbury's Bourn-vita contains this vitalising nourishment in such a form that it can be digested with special ease and rapidly transformed into human energy.

9D. Guaranteed ¼ lb. net ½ lb. 1/5

Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

1/- WORTH of H.T. FREE!



Externally all models are as pictured.

The average 3 valve battery set costs over 1/- a week to run. An Ekco Unit gives you the same amount of current for a farthing! You save over a shilling every week and get better radio. There is an EKCO Unit for every type and size of set. Just connect the appropriate model in place of your usual battery—then switch on—that's all! No alterations to set, wiring or valves.

Based on 1,000 hours' use of an average 3-v. set.

Prices from

39/6

or by easy payments.

EKCO ELECTRIC RADIO POWER UNITS

POST COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS.

To: E. K. Cole, Ltd., Dept. J.B.3.
EKCO Works, Southend-on-Sea.

Please send me illustrated FREE literature of EKCO All-Electric Radio.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Shocking BABY Scandal

"Clark must no go to prison"

TENS of thousands of children are plucked every year from their homes in this country and sentenced by a damnable bureaucracy to grow up without the love which parents wish but are forbidden to give them.

Sanctity and unity of family life are no account to the fiendish bureaucracy, with the Lunacy Board of Control at its head, which employs battalions of agents up and down the country to satisfy its mania for filling institutions by gathering in a multitude of children.

And when parents attempt to defend their right to their little ones, the authorities devise methods to break down their resistance by having them sent to jail.

No country in the world has ever been guilty of such inhuman acts in relation to family life as this British bureaucracy of paid officials whose jobs seem to depend upon the numbers of children they can kidnap by legal devices.

Examine the facts of the case of Mr. William F. Clark, of Shirley Gardens, Hanwell, Middlesex—a man with a load of grief.

Clark's wife has been such an invalid for seven years that she has been in hospital three or four times every year during that period. To-day she is gravely ill.

Three years ago, Clark's son, then aged six, was also in poor health, believed to be caused by rickets. Although by no means a dullard, the little boy was somewhat backward.

In these circumstances, Clark approached the authorities and asked if arrangements could be made for the child to receive a course of medical treatment. He surrendered his son to them in the belief that the child would enter some kind of hospital and that before long he would be restored to him.

Farmed out!

The father's amazement can be understood when he learned that nothing of the kind had been done and that the boy had been handed over to a welfare society in Brighton which had boarded him out with a foster-father occupying a council house in that district.

Incidentally, we think the ratepayers of Brighton and other towns will be surprised if they ascertain the extent to which the authorities are farming out young children for profit in council houses until they reach the age when they can be placed in asylums and similar institutions.

If Clark was astonished when he learned what had happened to his son, he was dismayed when he made enquiries regarding the man into whose care he had been transferred.

He is quite deaf, and Clark and his relatives when they went to see him found it impossible to hold conversation with him. He is a workman at a local institution for the deaf and dumb.

Ridiculed

The idea of his boy being taken from him and given to an afflicted man was so revolting to Clark that he began a great fight to have the child returned.

He has been fighting for three years—in vain.

The authorities ridicule him. His child is now nine and will soon be of the age at which he can be consigned to an asylum. They do not lightly give up young recruits for these places once they have been seized.

He asked the authorities to explain what right they had to continue keeping his child from him, particularly as his character was unblemished and, while his wife remained an invalid, relatives of the boy were prepared to give him a comfortable home and to be responsible with the father for the child's education.

The authorities ignored the father's demand.

He then asked them how a child who had been entrusted to them for medical care could possibly benefit by being brought up by an afflicted man sixty miles away from his natural home and the people who were nearest and dearest to him.

Again they were silent.

But the sorrowing father gave them no peace. He was determined to get his son back at all costs.

Finally, to defeat him, the authorities cruelly played their master card, which is always their last resort in cases of this kind.

Without informing the father of the fact or giving him any opportunity to challenge the legality or propriety of their action, they certified the child as a mental defective.

By doing so, they have made the little boy their prisoner for life and can now refuse the father even access to him.

Still Mr. Clark kept up the attack. He let it be known that he would never submit and would force a disclosure of the monstrous absurdity of certifying an infant so young under the lunacy laws.

He did not know the terrible power which the authorities keep in reserve to deal with parents who refuse to be cowed.

Ten weeks ago, again without informing him or allowing him to be heard, they went to a justice of the peace and obtained an order upon Mr. Clark that he should pay a weekly sum to the afflicted person who has the custody of the child.

Never was worse insult added to gross injury. The authorities must have been well aware from the evidence they had of Clark's spirit and determination that he would refuse to pay.

He refused.

So a few days ago he was brought before the Ealing justices for failing to pay £2 12s and was committed to prison for a month from next week if he does not pay before then.

He tried to tell the justices about these astonishing events, but they would not give him a hearing and refused even to allow him to be examined as to his means and his ability to pay the money demanded.

We step in

In any event, Clark, whatever the consequences, intends to suffer the sentence rather than pay.

But Clark must not go to prison. This outrage must be ended.

JOHN BULL is taking steps to that end, and before this unhappy father is due to be arrested and imprisoned, the full facts will be placed before the Home Secretary, and we do not see how he can fail to take immediate action.

The Human Machine

MAKING GOOD

IN a certain big American firm everyone who applies for a position is given a set of rules to read. They are not the usual rules about the time people must start work and the time they are allowed to stop work. They don't deal with all the little bits of red-tape that tangle up so many big concerns. They deal, in an unusual way, with things that matter.

Here are just a few of them:

1. If you don't like your job, learn to like it or change it. No man ever made good unless he liked his work.

2. Be interested in everything you do. The thing that isn't worthy of interest isn't worth doing at all.

3. Be able to stamp your work with the seal of personal approval. Be able to say truthfully: "That's as well as I can do it to-day, but to-day's practice will help me to do it better next time."

4. Have a reason for everything you do. Some men do things because they are told to do them. That's their reason. It may be a reason for the small man, but the big man studies causes.

There are more of them, but these are typical: and they're applicable to everyone, whether they work in America or in the smallest corner of their own country. They're a complete "Guide to Making Good."

Underlying them all is the profound truth that a man can do anything he makes up his mind to do; that he can do anything well if he puts his head and his heart into it as well as his muscles; that work, no matter what its nature, is not so much a task as an avenue for developing initiative, self-reliance, diligence, intelligence and all the other sterling qualities that distinguish a real man from a waster.

You can, in fact, draw up all the Maps and Guides to Life you like, but they will all be based on the solid truth that a man is his own master, boss of his own brain and arbiter of his own destiny. If he doesn't make good, it's not fair to put the blame anywhere else.

A Sob-Stuff Missioner

PEOPLE who may be invited to contribute towards the maintenance of the London Evangelistic District Mission, of Breams Buildings, London, E.C., and Nunhead, should think twice before parting with any money.

Constant enquiries are reaching the offices of JOHN BULL about this concern's persistent activities, and it seems desirable that a general warning should be issued.

The mission's literature suggests that branches are maintained in centres as far apart as Belfast and Bournemouth; but this is most misleading as the movement has no real standing.

One pamphlet now before us infers that meals and holidays for poor children and aged people are arranged as part of the mission's work.

* * *

It is also claimed that free parcels of grocery are distributed among the poor "as funds permit."

The man whose name appears on this document as secretary is, we happen to know, now in jail.

He has long been known as a self-helping charity worker and it says little for the London Evangelistic Mission that we have evidence that, though his record was well known to its officials, they were content to make use of his services.

He was even allowed to pocket 50 per cent. of any money he collected in the mission's name and was granted additional sums in travelling expenses into the bargain.

* * *

It needs no mathematician to calculate the surplus that would be left for the poor and needy after collectors and other officials of this organisation have had their share.

The London Evangelistic District Mission is run by a man called Daniel Hurst, whose operations as a bogus pastor have occasioned comment in these columns before.

He used to represent a notorious mission in Scotland and uses all the tricks of the trade in his appeals.

On occasion, too, he issues pamphlets containing heartrending "sob" stories to melt the hearts of the charitably disposed.

But, in spite of all his self-advertised gospel and social work among the poor, we are afraid that nothing is ever done that justifies collections on a nation-wide scale.

Yet so long as he devotes some portion of his proceeds—however trifling—to charity no official action can be taken.

This is a shortcoming of the law that we have often deplored, and proper legislation to control all charities is long overdue.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 3/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits. 192-page Cat. free.—MAY (173), George Street, Birmingham.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc., inexpensive: wonderful value; good profits; parties free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

NEW 68-page Winter Wholesale Drapery Catlgs. Post free. Perfect and repeatable goods. of Quality and Value. Keenest prices. Coats, Dresses, all depts, Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfctn. guartd. Whals. only to the Trade. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

SHOPKEEPERS.—Send for Bargain List of Xmas Club Toys, Games, etc., Stationery, Postcards. W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

50% Profit. Buy Hosiery, Knitwear, Bedding. Cut prices. Money-back guarantee. Catlg. free. London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, W.6.

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A Dangerous BAND of ALIENS

A WAVE of crime, more alarming than any so far experienced, is at the present moment sweeping this country.

At least two of our judges have publicly emphasised its gravity. And though our police are alive to this menace, they seem unable to stem the criminal tide.

There is no doubt that aliens are playing a very prominent part in this new outbreak, for they are flocking to our shores in increasing numbers.

Most of them get here without difficulty, but it is no easy matter to discover them once they are here; and even when they are deported they often return with impunity.

The invaders

Recently a gang of twenty notorious international criminals, including a rogue named Medovnek—descended upon London. They were all busily engaged in illicit pursuits before the police had any inkling that they were here, though all have long criminal records, and are men of a most dangerous class.

One by one they have now been rounded up and deported; but the splendid efficiency of the police in this respect is offset by the fact that there is nothing to prevent any of them from getting back into the country again.

They had established outposts at all the fashionable hotels, and were in league with men posing as guides at such popular sight-seeing centres as Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

Other recent unwelcome invaders include some particularly dangerous rascals. One, named Alze Prezedecki, is particularly anxious to remain here if possible, because he has already come under the notice of the police in France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland.

"Con" men, too

From across the Atlantic has come a notorious confidence man with many aliases. He has been convicted in many parts of the world, and it is idle for him to pretend he has come here with any lawful intent. In fact, we know he has already frequented many London hotels and obtained thousands of pounds by fraud.

Another sinister visitor who has no authority whatever for being here is a foreigner who controls a gang of crooks.

From behind the scenes he has arranged scores of marriages between alien women and worthless Englishmen to save the former from deportation. One member of this gang is alone believed to have arranged nearly fifty such weddings, but the organisation is so masterly that evidence that would secure a conviction has yet to be obtained.

Until recently an alien woman named Agnes Schneider was running a lucrative business in London by selling faked passports and identity books. But the fact that she and her confederates have been temporarily curbed makes no difference.

The alien rogues don't have to worry about passports. They just mingle with an excursion crowd like this—and the rest is easy!

Sneaking in

The alien criminals who really want to get into England don't worry about passports. They often get an accomplice here to buy an excursion ticket and send them the return half by post.

Then they mingle with ordinary trippers and, as no passports or identification papers are called for, they can get past the port officials with ease.

At this very moment the police are searching for a foreign criminal known to be in London, who has already been deported a dozen times. And the records at Scotland Yard contain many similar cases.

This business of the dangerous aliens we can't get rid of is at once one of the biggest farces and the greatest scandals we have to face to-day.

While it is desirable that every hospitality should be accorded to law-abiding foreigners who come here in the course of honest trade, or on any other legitimate mission, the problem of the undesirable is one that can no longer be shelved.

France, equally with us, is perturbed by the problem, and a special squad of French detectives has been detailed for the sole duty of keeping travellers under observation.

Similar action might well be taken by our own authorities. They are fully aware of what is going on.

A whole series of crimes was recently brought home to an alien living in luxury in the West End of London. He was here without authority, and had, in fact, made London his centre persistently for nearly a quarter of a century, though his criminal operations had been interrupted by frequent deportations.

Then there are two international confidence tricksters, now in London, who are not in the least perturbed by the fact that they have already been kicked out of this country on three occasions.

Surely there is something gravely wrong with our machinery for coping with undesirable aliens when such a state of affairs can exist.

What are the remedies?

The Home Secretary has power to order the immediate deportation of any alien without police court proceedings. On one occasion a hundred notorious foreigners were thus got rid of—for a time—at a stroke of the pen. But this power must be wielded more frequently than it has been in the past.

It should be exercised without hesitation whenever the police report adversely upon an alien visitor. It is waste of time prosecuting, and what is more, there must be considerable tightening up of existing machinery at our ports of entry, to prevent the deportee from coming back again.

Concrete schemes are known to be in existence, but they have been pigeon-holed because of the increased expenditure their adoption would involve.

Paying the piper

As things are, the British taxpayer not only loses heavily through the fraudulent operations of alien criminals, but has to foot a tremendous bill for tracking them down, launching prosecutions, maintaining them in jail, and, when they are deported, the cost of their repatriation.

It would be far cheaper in the long run to spend money on keeping them out of the country altogether. And if that were done we should certainly hear a little less about crime waves.

STRANGE MEXICAN MINE

READERS should be very wary about any circulars which may reach them from a certain Mr. J. T. Byrne, of Swinton Street, London, W.C.1.

Confidentially, we are in a position to say that he has been planning for some time to attract the investing public in schemes that would be better left severely alone.

For Mr. Byrne is a man whose past activities have caused many unsuspecting people to burn their fingers pretty badly.

At the moment he is particularly interested in an old gold mine which, a dear friend and associate of his has recently discovered, is likely to yield a new vein of gold.

* * *

The location of this mine is in Mexico and the vein of gold is said to be six feet wide at the surface of the mine and to increase to eight feet wide on the sixty-foot level.

In addition, it is hinted that other veins are in existence on the property, which have not been worked at all.

When the initial plant is installed and working it is estimated that there will be a daily profit of at least 400 dollars, after allowing for all overhead charges. Immediate action, however, is imperative.

* * *

In due course, though, it is proposed to double or treble the working plant, presumably with a corresponding increase of profits.

Mr. Byrne's friend promises to retain the services of the best lawyer in Mexico to pass all the necessary agreements. He also claims to have the friendship of the Governor of the State behind him.

Finally, the property is said to be well watered and timbered and owned at present by a Mexican family, who expect a decision from the purchaser "positively and definitely."

This friend in Arizona, it seems, lost no time in cabling the news of his joyous discovery to his dear old friend Mr. Byrne. And Mr. Byrne in his turn has lost no time in having circulars printed so that the good message may be passed on to the investing public in Britain.

He makes no attempt to keep the valuable secret to himself. His circulars reproduce his friend's cable in full—the object, of course, being to gain financial support.

His dear old friend, he declares, is Mr. Arthur E. Hepburn—"a world-renowned engineer."

* * *

It is not necessary to bother our readers here with all the details of the cable, which happens to be a singularly verbose one.

Let it suffice to say that it is drafted in most enthusiastic terms and contains impressive references to intimate cash transactions between the two friends.

"You cable me fifteen hundred dollars at once . . ." it runs. "If my report advises you by cable the property is good, then you agree to deposit to my account the following sums of money . . . 15,000 dollars on October 1, 1932, and 20,000 dollars on January 1, 1933."

All this is very businesslike and impressive, but the cable runs on endlessly.

* * *

There is talk of Mr. Hepburn agreeing to form a company providing it is registered properly, and assigning all the rights to his dear old friend, Mr. Byrne, in England.

Although there is much that is ridiculous, we have no doubt that a number of inexperienced investors will be quite awed by Mr. Byrne's literature referring to the Mexican mining scheme.

But as he is an old rogue whose past exploits have landed him in serious trouble on several occasions, his offers should be ignored.

This same advice also applies to another offer which he is making at the moment in connection with certain wireless shares. He pretends to have an option on them. Wise people will let him keep it!

A Sensational "John Bull" Exposure

The M

IT was inevitable that sooner or later the domination of the Irish Sweepstake would be challenged.

Human nature being what it is, no one could expect that the spectacle of millions of pounds of good money pouring into Dublin thrice a year would fail to inspire other gentlemen of keen business instincts with a desire to run opposition shows.

Two are already being promoted in time to operate on the Grand National next Spring.

One of these has behind it Captain Spencer Freeman, who is said to have been the brains of the Dublin organisation.

The other is sponsored by the Director-General of the Casino and the International Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, M. Rene Leon. Apparently it is hoped, now that the roulette tables no longer attract the loose millions of the world's gamblers, to restore Monte Carlo's fallen fortunes by the modern lure of the democratic sweepstake.

Now is it desirable that giant sweepstakes should be organised abroad by people who obviously expect to draw a very large percentage of their ticket money from Great Britain—as, indeed, the Dublin people do?

We have nothing to say about the way in which the Irish Sweepstakes are conducted, but the fact must not be lost sight of that under our present laws they are illegal in this country, and something like fifty per cent. is swallowed up in promoters' expenses and profits.

Burning questions

Of Captain Freeman's new scheme it is too early to speak. Not enough details have been issued to enable us to form an opinion one way or another.

Sweepstakes are illegal in most European countries, and the British authorities are empowered to restrain the operations in this country of the promoters of lotteries who may have chosen a foreign capital as their headquarters.

When we come to examine the scheme sponsored by the Director-General of the Monte Carlo Casino, however, a very different situation arises and many burning questions clamour for answers.

Four prominent people have been mentioned in a preliminary publicity campaign in this country, and it has been stated that something like £2,000,000 will be raised by next March. They are Sir John Milbanke, Sir Walter Peacocke, the Hon. Wilfred Egerton and Sir Charles Higham.

The last-named—a famous publicity expert—has already dissociated himself from the scheme.

"I desire to inform the public," he says in a statement before us, "that I have no longer any responsibility in regard to this sweepstake . . . ."

Now, in fairness, we should say at once that these four distinguished gentlemen have been actuated solely by a desire to help British hospitals.

Who is behind?

They belonged to a specially-formed committee intended to administer whatever charitable grants might be made from the sweepstake funds, and were to be in no way responsible for the management of the scheme itself.

Who are the real promoters of the Monte Carlo scheme? That information is known apparently only to two gentlemen of Russian origin, known nowadays as David and Philip Lannon, though a year or two ago they figured before the public in their much more un-British names of Davidoff and Pinkus Gershgorn.

From the outset the inner organisation of this new Monte Carlo sweepstake scheme has been shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery.

So secret have some facts been kept, indeed, that even the famous people whose names have lent lustre to the £2,000,000 project were quite unaware of the names of the actual individuals behind the scenes.

It was not until the news of contemplated opposition schemes to the Irish Sweepstake leaked out in the Press that the names of the brothers Lannon, alias Gershgorn, became known to them.

In view of all we have discovered about the brothers Lannon and their past financial enterprises, it is highly desirable that their part in the present venture should be deeply probed.

It is said, for instance, that a sum of £50,000 has been raised for payment to the Principality of Monaco in connection with the sweepstake rights and concessions.

Exactly half of this sum has been mentioned as representing the "consideration for the sweepstake concession," while £25,000 is simply a deposit as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the organisers.

All this money is said to have been raised by David and Philip Lannon and, according to a story they have circulated, was put up by a small private syndicate.

The actual names of all the philanthropic individuals who make up this mysterious little syndicate are not volunteered. They are not even known to the members of the British committee which had been invited to handle the charitable grants that are to be made when the scheme is in full swing.

Who are they? It would be decidedly interesting to know.

That the Lannon brothers can hardly claim any real philanthropic motives themselves can be taken for granted, for we must reveal them at once as a pair of unscrupulous financiers who have been battening upon the public in one form or another for years past.

At the present moment they are behind a company which is known as the Paget Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., and which has its headquarters at 18, Savile Row, London, W.

Generous!

This is nothing more than a money-lending concern, and it is worth noting that David and Philip Lannon have for some time advertised their readiness to advance sums "without security" at low rates of interest.

Yet when we come to consult the official records at Somerset House we find that the high-sounding corporation can only boast a paid up capital of a paltry £2!

This self-avowed philanthropic concern was actually formed out of the ashes of another Lannon company that was known in its day as Ansteys, Ltd.

It, too, was concerned with offering liberal cash advances, and it achieved no small measure of notoriety through the disreputable methods that were employed in its transactions with clients.

These facts alone make it very desirable that the names of members of the mysterious little syndicate which is said to have raised £50,000 in the new sweepstake venture should be made known.

The various roles in which the Lannon brothers have appeared would make an illuminating list, but it is in dubious company circles and as unconscionable moneylenders that they have chiefly figured.

David Lannon, who may be regarded as being the more pushful of the two brothers, has a history which renders his connection with any sweepstake venture highly undesirable.

The very fact that he and his brother are interested in the promotion of the Monte Carlo enterprise should be more than sufficient to kill it before it goes any further.

Several limited liability companies that have been run by David have plunged to disaster with tremendous losses.

Huge debts

One notorious instance was when, after extracting £37,500 in directors' fees and salaries from one company in a period of three years, the concern went bankrupt with liabilities of £27,570 to trade creditors alone.

Several other companies which have proved bad failures have been put into compulsory liquidation, and

...STERY of the MONTE CARLO "SWEEP"

M. Rene Leon, in front of the Casino at Monte Carlo, of which he is director-general. Is it hoped that the new venture, modelled on the Irish Sweepstake, may attract the gamblers' millions which the roulette tables no longer draw?

the gravest allegations have been made regarding the manner in which some of them have been run.

Goods which had not been paid for mysteriously disappeared. "Guarantees" were airily given with no possibility of their ever being met, and in one instance, involving a disgraceful concern known as the City of London Co-operative Stores, Ltd., debts of £10,751 were piled up in a single year.

David Lannon next figured in a personal bankruptcy, and in elucidating his tangled affairs the Official Receiver had the task of his career. David Lannon's personal liabilities capital of a very modest type.

This philanthropic gentleman, who is apparently so anxious to help British hospitals, has latterly associated also with share-pushers.

With his brother he was concerned, behind the scenes, in the flotation of a company that was formed to exploit a miniature gramophone.

The prospectus issued in this connection stated that an agreement had been entered into between two Americans named B. Schlowsky and David Dunsberg, and a Mr. C. H. Genese, of London, whereby £35,000 was to be paid to the Americans for certain patent rights.

Mr. Genese in his turn was to receive £75,000 for the rights thus purchased for £35,000. In addition, he was to derive a 6d. royalty from every gramophone sold and certain other benefits which need not be gone into here.

The names of the brothers Lannon did not appear anywhere in connection with this involved piece of shuffling; but the truth is that Mr. Genese had previously been described as a clerk engaged in the Lannon office.

This scheme was partly worked from the very same office now occupied by the brothers!

The gramophone invention was set forth as being a most valuable property, whereas it was part of a project which had already flopped badly in America.

The ultimate outcome was that British investors were very badly taken in indeed.

To-day, as we have said, these resourceful brothers are behind a moneylending concern called the Paget Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., housed in the self-same office.

This Corporation is likewise beginning to gain notoriety, for its circulars are framed in such a way that complaints have been lodged with the authorities, who are considering whether they constitute a contravention of the Moneylenders Act.

Their methods of seeking clients have in the past been the subject of court proceedings, so it will be seen that they are a very pretty pair of financiers. So much for the commercial records.

Is it not illuminating to find such men setting the ball rolling in a vast enterprise like the Monte Carlo Sweepstake by obligingly raising £50,000 demanded by the authorities abroad before sanction could be given to the scheme?

But quite apart from the connection of the Lannon brothers with the venture, there are other and far wider aspects of the matter to be considered and which make it one of national importance.

In the first place, even if the sweepstake actually takes place, it would largely depend for its success upon the widespread sale of tickets in this country. This would, of course, be illegal here.

Yet what guarantee is there that the British hospitals, in whose name the public support is to be sought, will derive any substantial benefit?

While the Irish sweepstakes have been so successful for all concerned, it must be remembered that the promoters there have built up a very efficient organisation.

The promoters of the proposed Monaco scheme have built up nothing, and would have to face innumerable obstacles.

Apart from the legal difficulties to be surmounted, there are many problems to be faced which, in the opinion of organising experts, foredoom it to failure.

The fate of previous Continental sweepstake ventures illustrates the dangers to which we refer.

Not long ago a much-boomed enterprise was launched in Danzig. Several well-known people were persuaded to lend their names to it, and the public was informed in much the same way as now, that charities would benefit very considerably.

The truth

What actually happened?

In the end the whole thing petered out and charities benefited scarcely at all.

Yet the promoters really believed that they were going to leave the Irish Sweepstake organisers hopelessly behind.

Another sweepstake, also operated from Danzig, was a miserable failure, although it had been much boosted and enjoyed the advantage of having the expert services of a former secretary of the Stock Exchange Sweepstake.

Then, too, owing to the restrictions very rightly suggested in the present venture by the British Committee formed to administer the hospitals' share of the proceeds—only a quarter would go to them—the Monte Carlo promoters have taken a most extraordinary step.

"I will carry on without a committee," declares M. Rene Leon.

Well, that is that. But one may well ask what use the committee would have been if it had stood.

All its functions would have amounted to would have been to distribute whatever the promoters handed to them for the hospitals.

They would have had no voice at all in the actual administration of the sweepstake.

In our opinion the wisest thing to do is to leave Monaco to look after its own affairs. Its interest in British hospitals is one which may well be dispensed with.

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"I hated to hurt that beast, but my freedom was at stake"

JOHN BULL *READERS' STORIES (6)*

FATE, I am convinced, plays an important part in our lives. We often yield to an urge, knowing full well no benefit will materialise.

It was just before the Great War that such an urge sent me rocketing from a sedate English country home into the wilds of Canada, to a pleasant but aimless existence, where I gathered more moss than dollars.

Yet, if I hadn't yielded to the call a formidable enemy conspiracy might have passed undetected, and England might have been robbed of a quick communication for her supply of war-time wheat.

I was a rebellious and independent youth of twenty when I joined the Canadian Field Artillery in 1915, and it was not long before I realised that we had the toughest sergeant-major in the Canadian Army to lick us into shape.

He was a terror to new recruits, a fire-breathing, heavy-fisted Scotsman, illiterate save for his knowledge of gunnery and King's Regulations.

A week of his bullying was enough for me—I broke ranks one morning, rushed across the parade-ground, and struck his hat from his head.

This insult—or assault as it was officially described at my court-martial—was, I must confess, a premeditated act.

AND the fact that I had been used to the freedom and independence of the great outdoors, and, like scores of other Britishers in Canada, had learnt to defend myself from the attacks of man and beast, was not accepted as a defence for my crime.

I was sentenced to ninety days, and was taken to Guelph to undergo my punishment.

I had always thought of prison as a gloomy place surrounded by a high wall, but at Guelph there was no such thing; instead, at 100-yard intervals, armed guards were stationed in high, spindle-legged towers, where they kept watch on everything that went on within the prison limits.

My cell window looked across the open country, on fields of standing corn, and rolling hills covered with woods. I was always gazing on the peaceful landscape, dreaming of the good times I had spent in the forests further to the north before joining the Army.

The more I dwelt on the scene outside the more I longed to risk a break for liberty.

Gradually the idea became an obsession, which was intensified by the terrible screams that came occasionally from a wing of the building occupied by the criminal lunatics.

LUCKILY for me, a few days later I was taken from my cell and put to work with the kitchen staff. The job gave me more freedom, taking me outside at least once a day, where I emptied the ashes from the kitchen fires.

This went on for a week, when one afternoon a terrible commotion broke out in the lunatics' cage just as I was passing with a bucket of ashes.

A guard who was with me dashed away to rescue a prisoner from being strangled by a negro maniac. His baton made little or no impression on the coloured man's head, but eventually the latter released his victim and ran up the bars of the cage, refusing to come down.

This was my opportunity. While the warder was trying to capture his man, I picked up my ash-can and walked slowly down the passage to the gate which had been left open.

Outside a party of prisoners in charge of a guard were laying a cement walk. Unchallenged, I went to the ash-heap, which was twenty yards away, dumped my load, glanced quickly around, and took to my heels.

Midway between two of the look-out towers a voice from above called on me to halt. I continued to run. Suddenly a bullet whizzed over my head, and the next moment I tripped and fell just as another slug struck the ground in front of me.

I had never been under fire before, and the sensation left me with an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach. But I was not surrendering; I felt that shooting would be better than being cooped up in that awful building—the screams of the lunatics were still ringing in my ears.

I ran on down the grassy slope till I reached the little river which borders the prison grounds. As I plunged in and started to swim for the opposite bank the siren from the prison tower shrieked its warning over the countryside.

From the shelter of a wood I watched the search party leave the prison; a bloodhound was leading, straining at a leash held by a warder.

"The river will fool it," I thought as I continued my flight.

I must have broken all records for the next two miles, but still the baying of that hound came closer.

Suddenly I knocked against a loose pole in a wire fence; wrenching it free I took my stand behind a tree.

The dog came into view, nose to ground, its chain trailing behind. No warders were in sight, most of them were too fat to run, so I guessed that the animal had broken loose from its keeper.

I hated to hurt that beast, for there's nothing I like better than a dog, but as my freedom was at stake, and the brute came snarling for my legs, I stunned it with the fence pole.

A field of wheat appeared to offer refuge, so I crawled into the centre of the waving stalks. My feet were bleeding, my shoes in ribbons, but I only waited for darkness to push on again.

An orchard gave me a meal of green apples, and a can on a farmhouse varandah a long drink of milk.

Soon a railway embankment loomed out of the night and a deserted workman's shack. An old pair of overalls were hanging on a nail outside, and as they seemed to be worthless I put them on over my prison trousers.

TWENTY minutes later I jumped on to a freight train. I hadn't the vaguest idea where it was bound, and I cared less; so long as it took me a long way away from the prison, I didn't mind where I went.

I fell asleep among an assortment of bricks and bags of cement, and when I awoke the sun was peeping over the horizon.

Stretching my cramped limbs, I looked over the side of the truck. We were mounting a stiff grade, and far below lay a peaceful valley, edged with a great sheet of deep blue water.

A small town nestled along the shore, but what its name was I had no idea. However, I thought it best not to show myself in daylight in a place that was bound to have a police force, so I took

(Continued on page 24)

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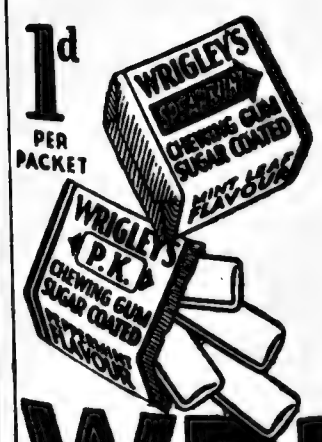

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P.J

"I SAVE ENGLAND'S FOOD SHIPS" (continued from page 22)

A War-time Plot in Canada

a flying leap from the train, landing in some bushes beside the track.

Scratched and bruised, I picked myself up and started to tramp along the metals. Presently a farmhouse came in sight, which reminded me how hungry I was. I decided to take a chance and ask the farmer for a meal in return for an hour spent on his wood pile.

I got my meal and a dollar besides.

"Port Colborne's only three miles further on," said the farmer as I was leaving; "you may pick up a job there."

As it was likely the prison authorities had sent on my description to every local police force, I lay hidden until sundown in some bushes outside the port.

The United States was only a few miles away, so I contemplated jumping a boat, crossing Lake Erie, and leaving Canada for good. However, second thoughts prevailed, or perhaps I should say Fate decided for me. I made up my mind to try and rejoin the army under an assumed name.

It was quite dark when I left my hiding-place, and as the Welland Canal was only a few yards away, I went down the bank to wash my face and tidy my hair.

THEN, with my hands in my pockets, and looking as unconcerned as possible, I sauntered towards one of the canal locks, and an appetising odour of fried onions came through the open door of a Chinese chop-house.

The street was almost deserted, and the restaurant empty save for the fat Chinese proprietor and two men sitting over a bottle of whisky in one of the cubicles

I called for a large plate of pork and beans, the most food I could get for the price I could afford.

It didn't take me long to polish off that meal. Then, over a cup of coffee and a cheap cigar, I leant back to think out my next move.

One thing was certain: I dared not risk going into the centre of the town; perhaps if I asked the Chinaman he would tell me where to find the local recruiting sergeant, or, better still, give me his telephone number.

I was about to call him over when my attention was drawn to the broken English of one of the occupants in the next cubicle.

They were conversing in low tones, but my sharp ears had caught the words, "Giant Powder . . . lock . . . all you haf to do. . . ."

I jammed my ear to the thin partition.

"Two t'ousand dollars; von t'ousand now, von t'ousand ven der job am finished."

"Oh, yeah," came an unmistakable Yankee voice, "and what about the guards? I ain't looking fer a firing squad."

Suddenly the weight of my leaning body caused the partition to creak.

There was a moment's silence, during which I could hear the beating of my heart, then "Nod so loud, mine frend—nod so loud Valls haf ears."

HARDLY daring to breathe, I tried to catch the rest of the conversation, but the only words I gathered were "lock," "dollars," and "launch."

I was so surprised and alarmed that for some seconds I remained rooted to the seat, but, pulling myself together, I called for another cigar, paid my bill of seventy cents, and left the restaurant.

Except for an arclight near one of the locks and the dim glow from the chop-house, the banks of the canal were in darkness.

I strolled to the edge of the water and sat down on a bollard to think.

The more I pondered the situation the more tangled it became. The police, I felt sure, would never listen to such a "cock-and-bull" story of a conspiracy to blow up the Welland Canal. I should only be asking for more trouble, and, perhaps, a flogging, for escaping from prison.

Yet I felt that something had to be done, and quickly at that, for I was well aware that the canal was a quick route to the St. Lawrence, down which the wheat ships went to England.

Suddenly a drowsy sentry came towards me—he was one of the guard on the canal—and asked me for a light for his cigarette.

"Why didn't I think of it before; I'll tell the military authorities," I said to myself.

"Well, young fellow, what are you hanging around here for?" a voice suddenly demanded from behind my back.

I STARTED, and was about to take to my heels, when I saw that my interrogator was an army officer.

Gripping his arm I poured out my story. He listened attentively and accompanied me to the restaurant.

The conspirators had flown, but the Chinaman was able to corroborate a part of my information, describing the two men to the best of his ability. "One speakee bad English," he said in conclusion.

"I believe you, son," said my companion when we got outside. "It's only a month ago that an attempt was made to blow up one of the locks. Germany's agents in the United States are pretty active at the moment, and I'm afraid we've got our hands full guarding this part of the border.

"So you want to join the army," he went on. "Well, you can sleep in the guard hut to-night, and to-morrow I'll have you enlisted and sent to Toronto."

A month later I heard of the arrest of a well-known American criminal, apprehended in a motor launch near one of the locks of the Welland Canal.

I felt satisfied that I'd done my bit for England.

After its hazardous voyage, a food ship unloads supplies during the most critical period of the war

IN NEXT WEEK'S issue a reader tells of his miraculous recovery from the effects of a severe riding accident in India, and the strange sensations he experienced on returning to the world and taking up the threads of life—after lying unconscious for thirty days.

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Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

WEARINESS

A MEMBER of the family of the great John Bright compiled and published "A Book of Thoughts" associated with her father's memory. The first verse in one of the poetical compositions contained therein was this:

"Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the journey take the livelong day?
From morn till night, my friend."

The rest of the poem was to the same effect—a warning that the burden and the strain of life will only cease with life itself, and that it is futile to hope to escape them.

I was reminded of this warning a few minutes ago when reading in another book the somewhat cynical observation that when we are young life lures us on by means of deceitful promises, like carrots held before a donkey's nose; and that when we grow old and find these promises unfulfilled, we become weary and sick at heart through the sad knowledge that the struggle will never stop till we die.

• • •

There are readers of these words who will feel that they agree with their own experience.

You have been looking forward, let us say, to the time when you would be free to take things more quietly and be better off. It has never come, and now you know that it never will.

Perhaps, just as you thought your circumstances were going to be a little easier, you sustained a heavy loss, or had an unforeseen responsibility thrust upon you, and you find your difficulties more severe than ever.

Or, if you are young, you may be finding every door of opportunity slammed in your face, nothing to look forward to, not the smallest sign of a turn for the better.

You realise that the years are swiftly passing, and that soon you will have left youth behind and with it all your radiant hopes. You grow weary of the same old dreary prospect—nothing doing, not wanted, no place for you in the ranks of the men who arrive.

People grow weary of disappointment, weary of poverty, weary of sickness and pain. As life wanes they feel less able to stand up to it all, and then they may become weary of life itself and long to go.

• • •

Concerning this state of mind, which comes to nearly all of us soon or late, there is one sound rule to remember: Never change your mode of life in an hour of depression.

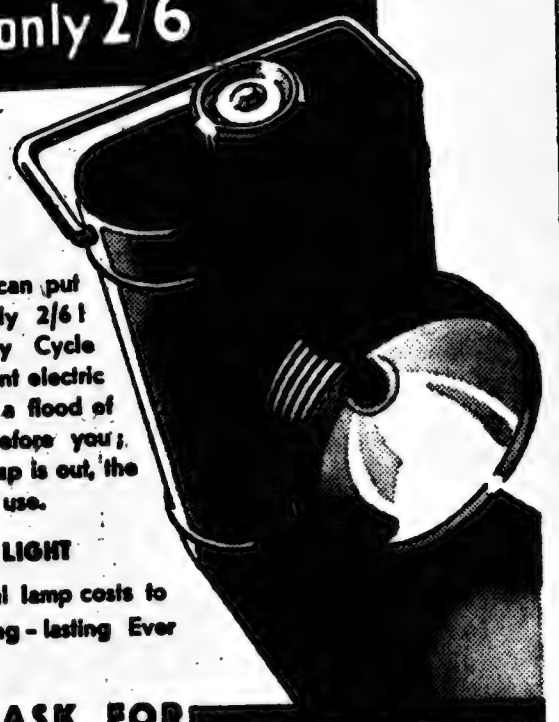
Hold tight for the time being, set your teeth and keep on, be patient and endure. Before taking any drastic resolve that would mean the acceptance of the worst, wait till the sun shines again and your courage comes back. Change then if you like; you are more likely to choose aright.

Seven hundred years ago wise old Thomas Aquinas said that no man can live without some measure of joy. He also said that where there is fear there is hope.

Remember this: it is your charter. Life is never so hard but that some joy comes knocking at the door. If we are prompt to open to it and bid it welcome, the grey shadow of fear in the corner melts away.

Joy and courage are twin brothers; and when they act together life becomes charged with power.

Here's the lamp for your bike! only 2/6



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How a Nurse obtained

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POWDER 1/3 TABLETS

by

PHILIP INMAN

IS forgiveness a sign of weakness or of strength? And how much should one forgive?

These interesting questions arise from letters written to me this week.

One comes from a man who says:

"My brother and I were brought up together, as our parents died when we were quite young. Up to about four years ago, we were inseparable companions and then he met a girl whom he married. A short time afterwards they had a child—a little girl—and then as they went to live in a distant town I lost touch with them and only saw them at rare intervals.

"A few months ago I had a terrible shock, as I received an urgent message asking me to go at once. When I arrived I found that my brother had committed suicide, and I discovered that it had been caused by worry due to his wife's extravagance which had run him into debt. I came away with very bitter feelings, leaving her and her child to fend for themselves.

"Now I have just received a pathetic letter from her, asking for my forgiveness. She seems to have turned over a new leaf, and is certainly trying to make good. But I cannot get it out of my mind that she is virtually my brother's murderess. What do you think I ought to do?"

I can quite understand how my correspondent feels. He and his brother, brought up together, were naturally very attached to each other. Then a girl comes along and robs him of that companionship. And added to that is the thought that but for her spendthrift habits his brother would be alive now. No wonder he feels bitter!

But that girl must have suffered terribly through the consequences of her negligence. Now she is trying to make good, and it is only fair to help her to do so. Besides, there is the child to consider.

* * *

After all, my correspondent is a near blood relation, and for the sake of his brother, to whom he was very attached, he ought to do what he can to help that fatherless child. He can only do that by becoming reconciled to the mother.

Forgiveness in his case is not a sign of weakness, but of strength—and of magnanimity.

My second correspondent's trouble is this:

"Although I have been married for nearly twenty years, I love my husband far more than on our wedding-day," she writes. "Yet, in the opinion of my relations and friends, I am regarded as a fool. This is the reason:

"My husband, when at home, is one of the best in the world, but he has periodical lapses when he leaves me, sometimes for a month at a time. Then, just as suddenly, he returns and pleads with me for forgiveness. I have always forgiven him up till now, but I am beginning to wonder if my relatives are right and that if he goes away again I should refuse to have anything more to do with him."

Unfortunately, this wife leaves me in the dark so far as the material facts are concerned. Where does her husband go during those absences from home?

I can understand, say, a case of shell-shock, where the man is not altogether responsible for his actions. But if this husband goes away of his own free will, presumably with some other woman, then I think there is certainly a limit to both patience and forgiveness. And if these are the circumstances, those relatives are not far wrong in their judgment.

The husband who disappears and returns to plead for forgiveness . . . should she let him in, time after time?

HOW MUCH Can They Forgive?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

My correspondent seems to have been far too forgiving. She has allowed her husband to play fast and loose with her. It is time she took a stand for her right as a wife. That man should be told quite plainly that if he chooses to go away again he will not find her waiting for him the next time he returns.

But my correspondent may argue—"That is all very well. But as things are I have my husband's companionship for several months in the year. If I leave him I should never see him at all."

My answer to that is this: How can any woman respect a man who treats her in such a fashion? If he cares for her as much as she does for him, he would never stoop to such practices. By adopting the advice I have given, my correspondent may bring him to his senses, so that instead of having him for a few months in the year she will have him altogether.

My next problem will show how difficult it is to give advice in some of the cases that are submitted to me. It concerns a girl of twenty-four who is married and has a child two years old.

She has left her husband and is living at home with her father, mother and brother. And in the difficulty that has arisen these three have all expressed diverse opinions as to the course she should pursue. It is the brother who writes to tell me about this girl.

"Her husband became friendly with another girl, who had a child of which he was the father. An order was made for him to contribute 6s. a week towards its maintenance. My sister applied to the court for a separation order, and she left her husband and came to live with us. He is at present out of work, and is only receiving unemployment pay.

"She is in a quandary as to what ought to be done. My father advises her to stay at home and make the husband pay. He thinks that to divorce her husband would let him off too lightly.

"Mother advises her to forget and forgive, as she was fairly happy with him before this occurred.

"I advise her to divorce him, as I cannot see how she could possibly be happy with him. Imagine her having to save 6s. a week to keep another woman's child out of her husband's 'dole' money!

"You see, our advice is so different that the poor girl does not know what to do. And so we have decided to abide by whatever you say."

* * *

This man has told me quite frankly what is the opinion of his father, his mother and himself. But he has omitted two important points: What does his sister want to do? And what is the state of mind of her husband?

Is he genuinely sorry for the trouble he has caused? If not, then he is unworthy of any consideration, and the girl would be better off without him.

If, however, he regrets his action, then I think the mother's advice is sound to "forget and forgive."

For let it be remembered that by divorce or separation that wife is not only depriving herself of a husband, but her child of a father. If for the sake of that child peace can be established, then it should certainly be sought.

JOHN BULL'S "Humanist" here deals with more readers' problems. He can help you; write to him and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

"The Greatest of These—"

A Family in Danger

He looks cheerful, but—

HENRY looks a cheerful boy in his photograph, but he has never properly got over a bout of whooping-cough two years ago, and now, at eight years old, weighs 3 st. 4 lb.

His ex-Service father died last August suffering terribly from pulmonary tuberculosis. His widow, who is twenty-eight and says she feels ten years older, is in very real distress.

Henry is the eldest of her three children, the other two being six and four. Her husband was not insured and left no provision for his children. His wife, who has developed a gland abscess in her neck and whose nerves have gone to pieces, is very worried for means to pay back the money she borrowed for funeral expenses and other things.

She said grimly: "Now I feel so desperate, many a time of a night I feel I could do us all in. I am thoroughly run down, and I fear if these debts are not paid I shall have to do something, because I cannot stand it."

She has sold what she could, and now she and the three kiddies sleep in one single bed without sheets, as they are in pawn.

It is our readers who will prevent this young mother taking desperate steps. If they will send help for her addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All donations for "Henry" or the fund generally will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. A copy of the current week's subscriptions will be sent on application.

Received with thanks £1 from "Amicus."

£150 IN PRIZES and 250 CONSOLATIONS for 'DIPLOMA' LIMERICKS

1ST PRIZE £50

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A Gas Plumber, working at Cheyne,
Found a whacking great leak in the main;
Quite amazed at the sight,
He exclaimed, "Strike a light!"

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding.

CLOSING DATE:
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A baritone with tone so deep
Had lost his voice
and lost his sleep
Until a little bird
said: "Cheep!

Go—suck a ZUBE"

Zubes are best for throat and cheat. They take the "nip" out of the wind and give you a pleasant glowing warmth as you suck them.

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You will be charmed with these dainty little puddings. They are wonderfully light and digestible when made with

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RECIPE

Paste for Pudding. 4 oz. plain Flour. 2 oz. fine Breadcrumbs ½ teaspoon Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'

Mix these ingredients. Add cold water to make a moist paste, firm enough to handle. Cut 9 oz. steak into thin strips and 3 oz. ox kidney into pieces. Roll in a tablespoonful of flour seasoned with salt and pepper, then wrap each piece of steak around a piece of kidney. Grease 4 breakfastcups (or bowls of similar size) and line them with paste. Put in filling (3 oz. per cup), fill with water or stock, cover with paste, then with buttered paper. Tie cloths over and steam for 3 hours.

Send a postcard for a copy of the 'Atora' Recipe Book, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Chest Coughs

HONEY SYRUP SUCCEEDS OVER SANATORIUM!

Patient's dramatic letter.

"Dear Sirs,

"I was a bed patient for just on 18 months in a Sanatorium. I used to cough all day and through the nights too, hardly getting any sleep. I am delighted with 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup because the first dose relieved my cough immensely. When I prepared to lay down for the night, I took another half teaspoonful and in about an hour's time I was fast asleep and I did not wake until 6 a.m. next morning. *That was the first sleep of any length I'd had for six months.*"

(Signed) Mr. A. S. Clark,
Haxby, York.

When breathing is 'shallow' and laboured and you are racked day and night by a cough which is wearing down your strength—just try a few doses of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. In it are combined the soothing, healing and germ-killing properties of squills, tolu, honey and pine. Thus it clears the bronchial tubes, stops the cough and frees the breathing before other remedies have begun to act. Get a 1/6 bottle of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup from your chemist to-day and prove this instant, soothing action for yourself.

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What a £5-a-WEEK FATHER Can Do

by One who sacrificed himself to give his four children a better chance in life

"WELL, they're *all* off my hands!"

How many fathers can sit back in their chairs and say this with any degree of satisfaction?

You see, I got news at the early part of this week that my youngest boy had successfully hurdled his last examination. He was a fully-fledged certificated assistant-master.

No, I am not writing this in any spirit of brag, but as a father who has succeeded in putting three of his boys and one girl into good professions. As such I feel justified in handing out a few words of advice to those thousands of harassed parents who, at one time or another, ask themselves whether it is worth their while to sacrifice themselves for their children.

My wife was privileged to bear me three boys and one girl. I held a responsible position at the local works, and my weekly wage never exceeded £5. But my money was regular, and by early struggles we managed to buy the house in which we lived.

As the children grew and rose from the infants' school to the seniors my wife and I determined to give each the best possible chance our pockets could afford.

A sporting chance

We made up our minds that they should have a better education than we had. Without education, we felt, they would be buffeted by every adverse wind, industrially as well as socially. With it they would stand a sporting chance of making good in the world, however bad conditions might be.

But our determination was conditional. It would mean great sacrifices on our part, and it was imperative that the children should merit those sacrifices.

Sensibly we realised the futility of an alternative course; if it appeared that our struggles only resulted in ploughing sand, then we intended to stop making the sacrifice.

You must remember that my income was that of an ordinary working man. There was absolutely no room at all for reckless squanderings which consecutive examination failures would entail. Should our children have turned out to be failures . . . well, suffice it to say that the good Lord spared us and them this humiliation.

In a recent leading article in JOHN BULL, entitled "Cheating the Clever Child," was a sentence which echoes what my wife and I said some twenty-five years ago. It read: "Better the parent make the sacrifice than the child."

The reference was to the problem which many parents must face owing to the iniquitous decision to make the payment of secondary school fees compulsory for certain winners of scholarships.

Their heritage

It was such sacrifices that my wife and I mutually agreed to make for the sake of our children.

Were they worth while? Will they be for the parents whose children are given the chance of a scholarship education? The answer to the second question is really the answer to the first.

After having successfully brought up one son as a doctor, two boys as certificated assistant-masters and a daughter as a hospital matron, I say emphatically that the sacrifices my wife and myself made were worth while.

More than that, I don't hesitate to say that if we had not made them we would have been traitors in the house we call our home.

This education has been our children's rightful heritage. We brought them into the world. It was our bounden duty to look after them, guard them until they could protect themselves. Had we not given them their chance, we, as parents, would not have fulfilled our obligations.

You may think my children were geniuses. Not a bit of it. They were just ordinary types, gifted with ordinary intelligence.

Their prototypes are seen in their thousands throughout the length and breadth of these isles.

Oh, yes, marks of genius were absent in all four. Still, over this I had no qualms. They were bright, vivacious, alert youngsters, full of fun and mischief—plastic pieces of humanity for us parents to shape for the battle of life.

Our first-born completed his matriculation examination, won a scholarship to —— University, stayed there three years, continued his studies at the London Hospital, and finally qualified with his M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. diplomas.

Sufficient money was not at hand for me to buy him a practice. He disliked the idea of becoming an assistant or a peripatetic *locum tenens*. He went straight ahead, and to-day is holding a responsible post in the Royal Air Force in Egypt.

The other two boys, at eighteen years, both having become matriculants, wanted to become schoolmasters, and with this end in view entered —— College. One, in his final year, captained the Rugby team of the college, and was voted the most popular man of his year.

The girl? She took a secondary schooling, but disliked teaching. Wisely, we refrained from forcing her into a profession for which she had no regard.

• • •

She longed to be a nurse. She completed four years at the school, then entered —— Infirmary, where she alternated scrubbing floors with her studies.

Three years later she qualified and was soon promoted to sister. Holding this position for some time, she was eventually successful in gaining the position of matron in one of the small hospitals in West Wales, from which responsible position she retired some time ago to marry.

To-day not one of the four is dependent on me for a livelihood.

You ask about reimbursement? Well, this is something I never expected. After all, no father is worth his salt if his sole idea is simply to capitalise his children. My wife and I are quite satisfied to know that we have done our duty to the flesh and blood we brought into the world.

Getting right down to it at the village school. "You will never regret having made a sacrifice for your child's education," says this father

A struggle, but—

Has it been a hard road? Often. So rocky in parts that many times we thought it impossible to continue. But another day dawned, and with it fresh hope.

At times the mire seemed to overwhelm us, but we put our shoulders to the wheel and ascended each successive gradient, steadfast in the belief that things would come right in the end. And they did.

Believe me, parents, if you are at the cross-roads, wondering whether you should make sacrifices for your children, make them for the sake of the kiddies. You will never regret having done so.

Should your boys or girls fail to appreciate your good intentions, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your best.

Now you have read what this father did for his children, write and tell "John Bull" of the biggest sacrifice your parents made for you. ***(See page 34.)***

A NEW WORLD

"What can an ordinary man or woman do about the mess the world's in?"

We, the ordinary folk, don't know, but some brains are more adequate. That of H. G. Wells is one, and he says "Our job is to make a New World—and we have got to scrap the old one."

How is this to be achieved?

In this week's *Passing Show*, on sale to-morrow, the great writer talks on what is going to happen to the world, and what we ought to do.

This exclusive interview, which expresses the ideas of one of the world's greatest thinkers on the remedy for the present world troubles, is one which nobody should miss.

...and it doesn't cost much

Did you ever try making a *steamed* pudding with Stork? It is a splendid idea. Jam roly-poly, marmalade or ginger pudding can all be made with Stork. But remember—

Use the same quantity of Stork Margarine as you would of suet;

Rub it well into the flour;

Steam or boil for 2 to 3 hours.

Stork makes a jam pudding lighter, more nourishing, easier to digest. And Stork in bread-and-butter pudding, cake pudding, lemon pudding, *any* kind of baked pudding in fact, gives flavour and brownness and crisp, crackly crust! Stork makes good puddings because it is firm and fresh and pure. And it is *always* the same good quality. There is no variation in the goodness of Stork. Summer and winter it is always pure and good; always has the same fine, fresh flavour.

STORK MARGARINE

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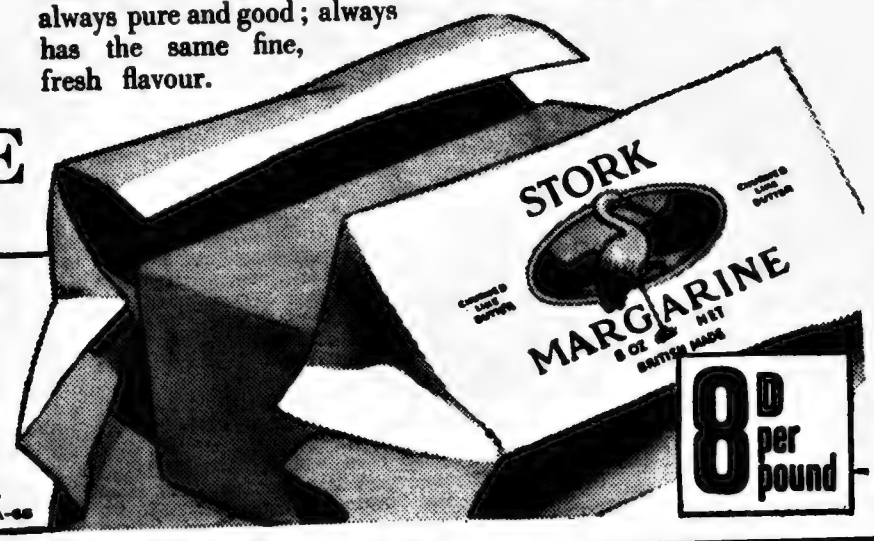

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WHY MARRIED WOMEN LOOSE THEIR LOOKS

Even if you have all the cares of a household on your shoulders, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the vitamins and strength-giving elements of beef and malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, actually creates rich, new blood. It soothes jaded nerves and builds up fresh strength. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors who have proved its value for anæmia, weakness, debility, and a host of other troubles. Try it to-day.

KEENEST PRICES

The Graves latest Fashion Display not only illustrates the newest & smartest styles in Ladies' Wear, but clearly demonstrates what can be done in keen competitive pricing. Every lady should write to-day.

A.F.10 Lovely two-tone Dress in Plain Art Silk Crêpe. The skirt has new low flare, and bodice is in a contrasting shade. Green, Tango, Saxe, Brown, Navy & Black. Busts: 32, 34, 36 and 38in. Lengths: 40 to 46in. **18/6**

TERMS: 2/6 MONTHLY.

A.F.11 Sumptuous Squirrel Lock Coat in tasteful shade of Grey. Large roll collar which can be worn in several positions. Lined with Art Silk Crêpe de Chine. Exquisite workmanship throughout. Length: 44in. **£12.6.0**

TERMS: 20/- MONTHLY.

A.F.12 Handsomely tailored Coat in substantial Fleck Tweed with long haired Lamb collar to tone. Panel back, all round belt, and Art Silk Twill lining. In Brown/Rust, Brown/Blue, Brown/Red, Black/Green. Busts: 32, 34, 36, and 38in. Lengths: 40 to 46in. Price **41/6**

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J.G. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

My Goodness! WHAT SPLENDID TOFFEE

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

INDIGESTION

is the root-cause of nearly all ill-health. Constipation, Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Biliousness, Palpitation, even Rheumatism and Gout, all come from one devastating cause—Indigestion.

If YOU are a victim of any of the agonies caused by Indigestion, you can banish them by taking Cicfa, as thousands have done already.

"It's no good," you say; *"I've tried everything, my case is different."*

Your case MAY be different, your symptoms different, according to temperament and circumstances. But the root-cause is the same; there is not sufficient of Nature's digestive ferments which must be present to digest your food.

Now isn't it reasonable to suppose that if we can give you a scientific combination of digestive ferments in a form which can be used by the digestive organs, that the whole digestive system will readjust itself and improvement at once begin? This is exactly what occurs when Cicfa is taken; that is why improvement starts with the very first dose.

We do not ask you to take our word only. Ask your doctor. Doctors agree that Cicfa is a reliable remedy for Indigestion and its painful symptoms. **Send for Free Sample of Cicfa.** It will give you immediate relief, and convince you that a fair trial will complete the work started and restore you to perfect health. Simply send a 1½d. stamp for postage with your name and address to:—THE CICFA CO., DEPT. 15 J.B., 8, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.1.

Cicfa is sold by all chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-. **Refuse All Substitutes. They are Worthless.**

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC, or TEETHING, and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 80 years is

"GRIPE WATER"

Carminative (Brand)

MADE BY

WOODWARD

CHEMIST—LONDON.

A teaspoonful two or three times a day

KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

To **W. WOODWARD, Ltd., 51, Clapham Rd., London, S.W.9**

Please send me a FREE SAMPLE (Use block letters & unsealed envelope 'SAMPLE.')

Name.....

Address.....

J.B.29 .....

Raw material for the good Samaritans of "H.10"—a scene in the recreation-room

H.10—House of NEW HOPE

It is pouring with rain, but the 'bus conductor, balancing himself on his platform, is singing blithely—singing to himself, to his passengers, to all the grey world—

"There is sunshine after rain,
And as gladness follows pain,
You'll be happy once again—"

His is a merry heart that goes all the way, if ever there was one. No "tiring in a mile-a" about him.

He skips up the stairs, and to the familiar query, "Any-more fares, please?" he adds a mouthful of philosophy. "The more it rains to-day, the better hope there is of sunshine to-morrow!"

It is heartening on a depressing day to find such cheery optimism. You would think it something of a miracle if you knew that only a few months ago that 'bus conductor was completely down and out.

Not merely up against it, but fighting desperately against fearful odds, snatching fitful sleep on the Thames Embankment or in the crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields by night, begging from strollers in the parks by day.

Look at him now!

Spick and span, boots and buttons polished and trousers creased, collar and tie clean and neat, cap gaily tilted like a famous admiral's, and always smiling. Everything about him betokens self-respect and self-reliance.

And if he whispered in your ear the secret of this miracle of transformation it would still remain something of a mystery.

"H.10!"

It looks and sounds somewhat like a chemical formula. It belongs, rather, to the realm of moral alchemy. It is a sort of philosopher's stone which transmutes the base metal of bedraggled humanity into the fine gold of a bright brotherhood.

In gratitude

"H.10" is the result of an experiment in moral uplift and social rescue work, an experiment which is proving remarkably successful. Within six months it more than justified the seemingly crazy optimism that conceived it.

A year ago a woman was miraculously, as she believed, cured of a serious disorder which it was feared must inevitably prove fatal. She became obsessed with the idea that her life had been spared for the definite purpose of some special service to suffering humanity.

By a strange coincidence, at the same time a group of Rover Scouts, under an energetic leader who earnestly desired to put more into life and get more out of it than mere week-end hiking, were casting about for ways and means of co-ordinating their daily good deed.

The woman who had passed through the valley of the shadow of death and the young men eagerly climbing the sunlit hill of life came together. She sent out prospectors who found an empty house. They organised a Scout rally and raised £28.

Thus, on January 23, 1932, the great experiment of "H.10" was started. On that night 150 derelicts collected from the Thames Embankment and the crypt of St. Martin's were assembled in the house.

They feasted and enjoyed an impromptu concert until 2 a.m. Then they slept and awoke to find a hot breakfast awaiting them as a send-off for a day of work-seeking.

From that day to this the doors of "H.10" have never been closed.

At first, thirty or forty of the hungry were fed daily. Now an average of 450 customers come to the canteen every day and cheerfully pay cost price for their food. A cup of tea—tea that is, not tea was—costs a halfpenny, and a good meal can be got for threepence.

The whole principle of the "H.10" experiment is to resuscitate self-respect and self-reliance and to restore a sense of honour.

A "*find*"!

A middle-aged Yorkshireman was found on the Embankment in a deplorable condition of destitution. He was given food and shelter, when the discovery was made that he was absolutely without teeth, and could not tackle the meal set before him.

He was provided with dentures, and employed on odd jobs about the house. Diffidently he offered suggestions about the work which showed him to be a man of resource and ability. His qualities attracted the attention of a visitor, and he is now a foreman of works, earning £4 10s. weekly, once more a happy family man.

A young man, a seemingly hopeless case, sent to "H.10" as a last resort by the S.O.S. Society, was cleansed and clothed and fed and set to work washing up dishes. His appearance and his morale visibly improved day by day.

His eyesight was defective, and he was furnished with spectacles. He is now in a well-paid post as a kinematograph operator.

He had to reform

Another, for whom there was no room at the time, was accommodated in a lodging-house elsewhere. Soon after he was transferred to "H.10." He is now the most punctilious of butlers in a sedate household.

A seeming miracle of regeneration was performed in the case of a man about thirty who had spent much of his time in prison for petty crime. He was found begging in Trafalgar Square. Three times he almost bit the hand that fed him and absconded. Three times he was hunted day and night and brought back to "H.10."

Now he is a valued personal servant, entrusted by his employer with the keys of the safe and carrying considerable sums of money to the bank!

There was a street musician who was completely down and out, his prospects rendered worse by the smashing of his violin in an accident. An instrument was found for him, and he now has a permanent engagement in an orchestra.

The restoration of a sense of honour which has been so successfully achieved by the experiment of "H.10" is exemplified by the number of men who return to make payment in cash for services rendered so kindly.

Out of forty-eight "in-patients" in six months, twenty-seven have found good jobs, seventeen are now in residence, and only four have turned out really bad eggs.

"H.10" is on the south bank of the Thames, almost under the arches of Waterloo Bridge. That was always regarded as the seamy side. Those who know "H.10" now call it the sunny side.

There is a modest anonymity about those interested in the organisation. The men talk vaguely about "Mr. Smith," and "something in the City."

"And who is Mr. Smith?" you ask.

"God knows!"

You bet God knows.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Cambridgeshire

THE JOHN BULL Code selections for the Cesarewitch were Air Pocket win, and Nitaichin each-way. I wish they had been put the other way about, but the transaction shows a handsome profit.

Nitaichin for the long-distance event and St. Oswald for the Cambridgeshire is one of the three JOHN BULL big "doubles," and, at the moment, it is very much alive.

I made note of Sir Oswald's running in the Visitors' Handicap the day before the Cesarewitch. This event is run over a mile and a quarter, and, despite his heavy burden of 9 st. 12 lb., he was right in the picture up to the Bushes.

I also liked the performance of Totaig in the Select Stakes, although he was beaten into fourth place. Totaig will meet Wyvern on a stone better terms in the Cambridgeshire, and, as I should be allowed two selections for this important handicap, I am putting up

ST. OSWALD, win,
TOTAIG, each way.

There were no JOHN BULL selections given for Kempton Park, for, at the time of writing, some doubt existed as to the meeting being held. I was pleased to see China King win there for the Code.

At Newbury this week-end, Blandearna looks "good" for the Autumn Handicap, while Caddie and Stenographer may come up at long odds.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers racing from Thursday, October 20, to Wednesday, October 26.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q

C R D H I F J U L W 99 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P9G9SSEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FPU2C would read SCOOP.

Keep your home WARM and DRY *...with a* VALOR OIL HEATER

Look for this Valor shield, your guarantee of quality and all-British manufacture.

Keep your home healthily warm and dry, all through the damp autumn weather and chilly winter, with a portable British-made Valor oil heater—the simplest, handiest, and most economical form of heating you can possibly buy.

Burns for hours without any attention, and lasts for years without any expense beyond fuel and wick. No smoke, no smell, no trouble, especially if you always burn Royal Daylight Oil.

OVER TWO MILLIONS ALREADY SOLD

Buy your Valor to-day. Sold by all Ironmongers and Stores—but make sure you get a genuine British-made Valor, and so avoid paying tax on imported articles.

PRICES FROM **12/6**

MODEL AS ILLUSTRATED NOW REDUCED TO 21/-

ALL BRITISH-MADE

VALOR OIL HEATERS

Write for illustrated and descriptive Price List to 189, *Stove and Heater Department*
ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD., 85 Albert Embankment, Vauxhall, London, S.E.11

Always use ROYAL DAYLIGHT OIL *for best results*
D.A.12

FREE GIFTS

useful, beautiful and British!

★

SEND COUPONS FOR FRY'S WONDERFUL NEW GIFT LIST

On every page of Fry's wonderful new gift-list you'll find something that's just what you want. For less than 12 coupons you can have a set of six egg cups—an egg-whisk—fountain pen—self-propelling pencil—and many more. If you'd save up for something really ambitious, choose beautiful 'Silva' tableware—an embroidered counterpane—a camera—a magnificent 21-piece tea-set.

The more you drink Fry's delicious sustaining Breakfast Cocoa the better you'll feel for it. There's a coupon in every ½-lb. tin—2 in the ¼-lb. tin. So hurry up and send for one of these beautiful gifts. All British made.

Gift No. 134
7-PIECE FRUIT SET *of best Staffordshire pottery. The favourite Stork pattern in beautiful bright colours on ivory glaze, with blue edge. One of our most generous gifts.* 43 Coupons

Gift No. 100
SHINGLE CLIPPERS *Trim your hair at home with a pair of absolutely first-class barber's clippers. British made of high quality E.P.N.S. with steel blades and prongs.* 24 Coupons

Gift No. 153
CHILD'S WOOLLEN SUIT—*charming for children of 3-4 years. Chest 19" to 21". Knitted of high-grade yarn in Scarlet, Fawn, Almond Green, Light Blue. State whether boy or girl, and size and colour preferred.* 40 Coupons

DOZENS OF OTHER BRITISH MADE GIFTS TO CHOOSE FROM

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

PER ¼LB.

6d

This price and offer do not apply in the Irish Free State.

★ **GIFT LIST & ONE COUPON FREE**

Please send me the latest complete list of Fry's free gifts and one free coupon

FRY'S GIFT DEPT. (NA) BRISTOL
J.B. 22/10/32

NAME _____
Please write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____
COUNTY _____
Put in unsealed envelope, affix ½d. stamp

Co.59.121032

For Nourishment, Flavour and Economy—

FOOD AND FRUIT

BLUE LABEL FYFFES BRAND BANANAS

Pure Safe Fragrant

Is Best for Daily Use

Because while it is cleansing and purifying the skin, by reason of its pure, saponaceous properties, it is soothing irritations, by reason of its super-creamy emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

A MEDICINE THAT COPIES NATURE.

Vegetable Pill with 10 Ingredients.

Medical science has produced a grand remedy which gives remarkable results through copying Nature's own methods. With the aid of ten vegetable extracts instead of the two or three usually found in ordinary pills, this remedy, Bile Beans, can secure just the kind of action which is wanted in the particular part of your system which is out of order. Each organ in turn—the stomach, liver, gall-bladder, kidneys, and bowels—receives exactly the help it needs. Being so wonderfully selective and free from any mineral drugs, Bile Beans give the nearest approach to Nature yet devised.

Among the ingredients in Bile Beans is a scientific blending of six different vegetable laxatives for the purpose of ensuring a smooth, natural action on the small as well as the large bowel. An anti-griping extract, a liver stimulant, and two carminatives to soothe and help the stomach, complete what doctors describe as a wonderfully balanced formula.

Bile Beans are the safest and best medicine for regular family use. Take Bile Beans at bedtime to escape headaches and indigestion, to enjoy your food, sleep well, have no more constipation, and get a new zest in life. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FOR FREE SAMPLE BOX

send a postcard (1d. stamp) to Bile Beans, Leeds. Give name and address and mention "John Bull," October 22, 1932.

CORNS Lift Off—No Pain

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that painful corn or callous. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you can lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can end every hard corn, soft corn, corn between toes, "hard skin" or callous in the same quick, easy way. Ask your chemist for a 1/3 bottle of 'Freezone' Corn Remover.

Shave with a "LAUREL"

ALIVE!—after an AIR RAID

My Greatest Hour

by the Chief Yeoman Warder of the Tower of London

MY greatest hour was one that thousands of others experienced during those terrifying war-time nights when German bombers rained death and destruction on London from the clouds.

You may think that a strange choice of a great hour for any man to make.

But the intense joy and thankfulness I felt that my life and those of the other residents of the Tower of London had been spared when a bomb crashed, a few yards away from us, into the moat of the Tower, is something I shall never forget.

Certainly it was not an hour I ever wish to live over again, because of the fearful ordeal that preceded it.

But the realisation that I had escaped with my life by what seemed a miracle was a great hour all the same.

I've no doubt others who passed safely through a similar experience will agree with me.

The Tower in the days of the air raids was a marked target for the enemy aeroplanes and airships. A direct hit on the barracks would have meant the instant death of hundreds of men. An inflammatory bomb hitting the stores would have meant the destruction of valuable munitions.

In the dungeons

For that reason special precautions were taken to safeguard the Tower from attack.

A gun was fixed on the footway connecting the two towers of the Tower Bridge. Special telephone communication was established with observation stations at the coast so that the moment an enemy aeroplane crossed the Channel the authorities were instantly informed.

The garrison was exercised in special air-raid drill, and to the yeoman warders of the Guard fell the lot of looking to the safety of the women and children in the various official residences.

You will remember that cellars and underground stations were the places where ordinary civilians sought refuge when an air raid was on. At the Tower we had no cellars. We had something better. We had dungeons.

Those of us who lived in the Tower in those days had reason to be thankful that the Tower was built as a prison as well as a fortress. In the depths of the ground beneath the famous White Tower there are dank and damp dungeons where the mediæval and Tudor kings used to throw their State prisoners and then forget all about them.

The public is admitted only to one or two of the dungeons—those readily accessible—but there are many others which are never seen. But when the air raids were on every one was opened up and some of them were inhabited for the first time in three hundred years.

On the night the Tower bomb fell there was a large number of women and children in the various buildings. We had warning by telephone that a flight of enemy machines had crossed the coast of Kent and was making for London. Later it was reported to be flying high over the Thames and would be over the City in a few minutes.

Night of terror

We yeomen warders had to get busy at once. The bugle on the barrack square at the other side of the White Tower sounded shrilly in the silent, black night. You could not see your hand in front of you, and as we warders hurried along with shaded lanterns, we found it hard to keep our balance along the uneven roads and alleys.

Several of the women were hysterical and cried with terror. They seemed to be as frightened of going down into the dungeons, where they would be safe, as they were of the German raiders. It required more than persuasion to induce some of them to walk down the winding, narrow stone stairs.

And when the first sharp crack of the gun on the top of the Tower Bridge rang out in answer to the raiders' challenge we had to bundle the last stragglers into safety by main force.

Almost imperceptibly in the distance we heard the low drone of aeroplane engines.

Shortly afterwards there was a flash and a loud explosion somewhere near The bombardment had begun.

The gun of the Tower Bridge was our special protection. Her crew were soon firing as fast as human hands could charge and fire the piece. She was spitting fire and smoke and making cracking noises like a huge machine-gun. Her challenge was taken up by guns all over London, and high in the sky one could see the shells bursting

Death's menace

You could no longer hear the noise of aeroplanes. The fire of the artillery was too insistent. The sky now was a mass of flashing light as the great searchlights moved swiftly from cloud to cloud in their endeavours to pick out the enemy machines. So far as I can remember they did not succeed in finding them.

Down in the dungeons of the Tower the women and children were huddled together. In those depths they could hear nothing, for the ancients really knew how to build, and the dungeon walls are 15 ft. thick. Moreover, there was ample light.

Up above it was terrible. For brief moments the whole river was lighted up by exploding dynamite. Then all would be dark again. Occasionally there was a moment of comparative silence and the drone of the aeroplanes could be picked out. It was all eerie, terrifying, uncanny. We felt completely helpless. Death might come any moment. We could only hope it would not.

"All Clear!"

At the height of it all, the bomb dropped in the moat of the Tower. It held our breath, terror-stricken. It seemed to have exploded over our very heads, for at the moment we did not know it had fallen in the moat.

The minutes after that dragged along as if they were ages.

The explosions became less frequent. Shots were fired here and there, but the general bombardment subsided. The searchlights continued to sweep the skies. The drone of the attacking aeroplanes ceased. Then the "All clear" came, we could breathe freely again, and the women and children were brought up from the dungeons looking very white.

We were safe. Alive, after what, for minutes that seemed like hours, made one feel that escape could only be a miracle.

The breath of life felt sweeter to me in that first hour after our salvation than it ever did, before or since.

Yes, a terrible hour—but a great one, too!

The Guard at the gate of the Bloody Tower at the Tower of London

SIDE-SLIPS

Send actual cuttings. 2/6 is paid for each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Police WHISTLES and handbells were RUNG."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"Norfolk egg-laying TRAILS."

ORCADIAN:—"Pineapple chunks, per TON, 4½d."

GOOLE TIMES:—"Store pigs, 15s. 6d. to 22s Cows IN PIG at £5 17s. 6d."

EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES:—"A relay race between the factory and office staffs was won by the LETTER."

THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"While cycling with some implements to assist the local fire brigade to LIGHT a stack fire."

EASTBOURNE GAZETTE:—"£90 p.a., 3 bedrooms, 2 DESEPTION."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"The bride wore a wedding gown of parchment covered matt velvet."

BARROW NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"She nodded and smiled happily in acknowledgment. Mr. ——, too, was almost constantly BOWLING."

GERMS

Are you clothing or killing them?

Ever since man's first beginnings, his deadliest enemy has been the germ—the invisible messenger of poor health.

There are several ways of destroying germs. Fire will destroy them. Extreme cold will destroy some of them. Carbolic acid—almost as dangerous as germs to the human system—will destroy most of them.

And there are a great many so-called germicides—advertised as such—which will *not* destroy them.

At the beginning of winter, then, when so many ills are in the air—it is as well to remember that there is one product on the market which destroys germs as effectively as fire, and more effectively than frost or carbolic acid—and which is completely innocent and harmless to the human system. Its name is so well known to-day as a household word, that it need hardly be mentioned.

One of the great disadvantages of the old-fashioned carbolic—apart from its poisonous nature—was that it thickened and solidified the mucus and saliva of the body where germs most frequently are harboured. It provided the germs with a protective armour!

Milton, in addition to its immense germicidal power, *dissolves* mucus and saliva—instantly. Milton immediately lays bare the germs to its merciless attack.

Again and again these facts have been proved by the highest medical authorities.

If you will use Milton this winter—in the way which is described in the little book packed with each bottle—you will practically wipe out all risk of colds, influenza, sore throat and other germ-caused ills. The book, which is entitled "154 ways to use Milton," will tell you innumerable other parts which Milton can play in your winter health and comfort. But nothing could be more important to you than this power of Milton to protect you from germs.

Read, in this connection, particularly sections 5, 33, 49 and 64. Then act! *Prevention is better than cure.*

Milton costs sixpence.

Reasons why 'MANSION' is so economical

'Mansion' being a highly concentrated wax polish, only very little is needed to give a mirror-like brilliance to a large floor surface.

'Mansion,' the preservative polish, lengthens the life of Linoleum.

Because 'Mansion' gives such a lasting brilliance, floors need less frequent polishing.

FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION.

Tins 6d., 10½d., and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2-lbs. nett 3/-.

ONE LITTLE WORD

and daylight itself is at your command!

If daylight itself were at your command every hour of the twenty-four, would you use any other form of lighting? Yet daylight *is* at your service all the time when an Aladdin is in your home!

For Aladdin has all the qualities of Nature's incomparable handiwork. White in colour, abundant in quantity, clean, silent, safe and beneficial. Only in one point does it differ from daylight—*it is a little more expensive.* But only a little. For Aladdin lamps burn ordinary paraffin at a cost of less than one farthing an hour.

From all first-class ironmongers.

The Cottage model Super-Aladdin Lamp, finished in nickel, polished brass or satin brass £2-2-0 (other finishes extra). Other models in various finishes. Shades extra. Aladdin No. 12 **33/-** *model.*

BY THE MAGIC WORD

ALADDIN

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Guarantee that....

Player's Cigarettes are manufactured from perfect Tobacco naturally matured and at 10 for 6° and 20 for 11½° they are the best value in the Cigarette world.

It's the Tobacco that Counts

N.C.C.138.D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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(Pronounced BO-LEEN-YUM)
Super-Overalls
WORN BY THE MAN WHO KNOWS
WHY-because
They never let you down
Strongest where the strain comes.
Double sewn seams with 16 Boot thread
Detachable Buttons—

Special detachable Non-Slip Brace Buckles are the latest improvement to Bolenium Overalls. Right down to the smallest details you can see the care and thoroughness with which these famous Overalls are built. Insist on Bolenium—they're cheaper in the long run and smarter and more comfortable all the time. Bib and Brace 6/6. Ask your Outfitter or write direct to:
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BOLENIUM
(Pronounced BO-LEEN-YUM)
Super-Overalls
Worn by the man who knows

RACING & FOOTBALL
YOU ARE ALWAYS SAFE WITH THE
"BIG TWO" COMPLETE
SPORTSMEN'S SERVICE
THE BIG TWO
LETTER COMMISSIONS accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules
ANTE-POST LONG ODDS, STARTING PRICE, OR TOTALISATOR ODDS.
If your commission bears a date stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price or Totalisator Odds as desired.
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WRITE NOW for particulars,
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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Life's BEST Ten Years

I SHALL be seventy-five next birthday, and, looking back, the last ten years of my life seem to have been the best.

My own children grown up, doing well, and devoted as ever to their old mother. My grandchildren coming along to clamber up their grandma's knee and to fuss over. The marked kindness and consideration of true and tried friends.

The quiet confidence that comes from an entire trust in Providence, and the prospect of a not-too-distant reunion with those I have loved in the past and lost awhile.—*Granny, Romsey.*

Gone!

What better years has life to offer than the first ten? Those years when fairies dance, elves frolic, and grasshoppers play leap-frog, while the man in the moon, looking on enviously, bathes the world in silvery light.

When, after you have hung up your stocking and looked in vain up the chimney to see if Father Christmas has arrived, you eagerly await him, only to be overcome by the sand man. When your money is the gold of daffodils, and heaven just above the swaying poplars.

Where's all that make-believe now? Gone with life's best ten years.—*Merle Carver, Clacton.*

Reunion

Married "off the strength" to a soldier a year before the war; parted in a month for my husband to go on foreign service; then reunited, only to be parted again for him to go to France.

After all the weary years of war, reunion again.

Can I describe what happiness has been mine since those dark days? Every joy and trouble shared, and son and daughter to complete our home, and when the day's work is done to be together, as long as God spares us.—*Mrs. W., Weymouth.*

Memories

From eighteen to twenty-eight was the most glorious time of my life. I was beautiful; men were at my feet; chocolates, cigarettes, kinemas, theatres, trinkets, joy-rides were mine.

And now, as I sit by my fireside a lonely spinster, my mind goes back to those years, and I try in my imagination to live them over again.

Yes, it was good to be alive, to be young and admired.—*Hasluck, Oldham.*

At the Cross-Roads

From the age of fifteen to twenty-five. All the future success and happiness that we may attain and enjoy in later life depends largely on the character, conduct and initiative which we display during this period.

It is during these years when we reach the cross-roads of Life—where we take the wrong road or the right road, where the destination is Success or Failure, and where we seize or lose the opportunities which rarely present themselves twice in one's lifetime.—*F. Smith, Accrington.*

The time for "stepping out" in life, love-making time, the time of great enthusiasms—between twenty and thirty. A small majority of readers consider this the best period of life.

Eventide

Before the close of the day comes the brief, sweet interlude called "evening"—surely the happiest part of the day. The hustle of the day's work completed, there is time to enjoy relaxation, love and comradeship.

Before the close of the year there come the quiet, restful days of autumn. The tumult of spring, the heat of summer are over; but some of the joys of summer remain with us—the fruits of our labour are all around us to enjoy.

So surely must the mellow years of late middle-age be the sweetest.—*E. B. Southgate, Essex.*

For Two

The years between twenty-five and thirty-five are the time for foundation-laying. Life's career is determined, and marriage takes place usually.

Oh, the romance and thrill of it! The fond kisses and rapturous embraces of engagement and early marriage. The arrival of the "stars" in the family firmament. The joy of hearing "Mummy" and "Daddy" from baby lips. The mutual planning for the future.

For the man, the zest of the climb for commercial and professional prizes; for the woman, the glory of helping and comforting; for both, the glorious sensation of life at its best.—"*Long Part*," *Peckham.*

Padre's Best

Six years at college, training for the highest calling, a period of wide culture under some of the keenest minds of the university; then three years in a slum parish trying to understand human nature and showing men the way of life.

Then a year with the troops in Palestine, sharing the discomforts of Tommy and finding him a true pal; visiting places of Biblical interest and watching many a sunrise from a desert camp.

These experiences of educational life, hardships of war and opportunities of serving my fellows made those eventful years the best ten of my life.—*Padre, Wallasey.*

Round the Corner

The best ten years of life are always ahead.

The schoolboy looks forward to the years between ten and thirty, when, he imagines, he will have more freedom.

The youth of twenty dreams of marrying before the thirty mark; the man of thirty of reaching a directorship in the next ten years.

The family man of forty expects to enjoy his children's first "affairs" before he reaches the half-century.

And so on. What centenarian does not assure us of the good times ahead of him?

Yes, the best ten years of life are those just around the corner.—(*Mrs.*) *W. J. Garland, Hull.*

Some Real Good

Life's best ten years for me were those when I looked after five motherless children and an invalid father.

I missed lots of pleasures that other girls had, but I brought comfort to the aged and motherless.

It was only when those children had been brought up to look after themselves that I got married.

I have had lots of best years since, but those early ones stand out as the best in my life, as I have found since that I did some real good in the world by trying to help the helpless.—*J. P. W., Dunscroft.*

* * *

From fourteen to twenty-four. That youth is just getting its foot on the bottom rung of the ladder, to climb upward.—*H. H., Burnley.*

Life's best ten years are the next ten years—we have yet to live them, and can make them so.—"*Resolved*," *Dalmuir.*

A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS
FOR OCTOBER 22

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) SHEFFIELD U. v. Leeds.
(2) MIDDLESBRO' v. Sunderland.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Wednesday.
*(4) VILLA v. Birmingham.
(5) BOLTON v Manchester C.
(6) Chelsea v. DERBY.
(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Blackburn.
(8) Leicester v. EVERTON.
(9) Liverpool v. ARSENAL.
(10) Newcastle v. W. B. Albion.
**(11) PORTSMOUTH v. Blackpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) BRADFORD v. Chesterfield.
(2) HOTSPUR v. Southampton
(3) Oldham v. Lincoln.
(4) BURNLEY v. Fulham.
(5) CHARLTON . Notts.
(6) GRIMSBY v. Bury.
(7) Manchester U. v. Millwall
(8) FOREST v. Swansea.
(9) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford C.
*(10) PRESTON v. West Ham.
(11) STOKE v. Port Vale.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) C. PALACE v Torquay.
(2) Aldershot v. Bristol City.
(3) WATFORD v. Luton.
*(4) BRIGHTON v. Orient.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Northampton.
(6) CARDIFF v. Newport.
(7) Gillingham v. Exeter.
(8) NORWICH v. Swindon.
(9) Q.P. RANGERS v. Coventry.
**(10) READING v. Boscombe.
(11) Southend v BRENTFORD.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) York v. GATESHEAD.
**(2) ACCRINGTON v Hartlepools.
(3) Crewe v. Stockport.
(4) BARROW v. Wrexham.
(5) CARLISLE v. Walsall.
**(6) CHESTER v. Tranmere
(7) MANSFIELD v. Hull.
(8) NEW BRIGHTON v. Halifax.
(9) ROCHDALE v. Darlington.
(10) ROTHERHAM v. Barnsley.
(11) SOUTHPORT v. Doncaster.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) QUEEN'S PARK v. Falkirk.
(2) Partick v. Ayr.
(3) Hearts v. RANGERS.
(4) AIRDRIE v. Third Lanark.
(5) CELTIC v. Motherwell.
(6) COWDENBEATH v. Dundee.
(7) E. Stirling v. ST. MIRREN.
**(8) HAMILTON v Clyde.
(9) KILMARNOCK v. St. Johnstone.
(10) Morton v. ABERDEEN.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*H*); Southern Section—10 (*H*); Northern Section—2 (*H*); Scottish League—8 (*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Preston North End, Reading, Accrington and Hamilton.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 25.

What I Owe to My Parents

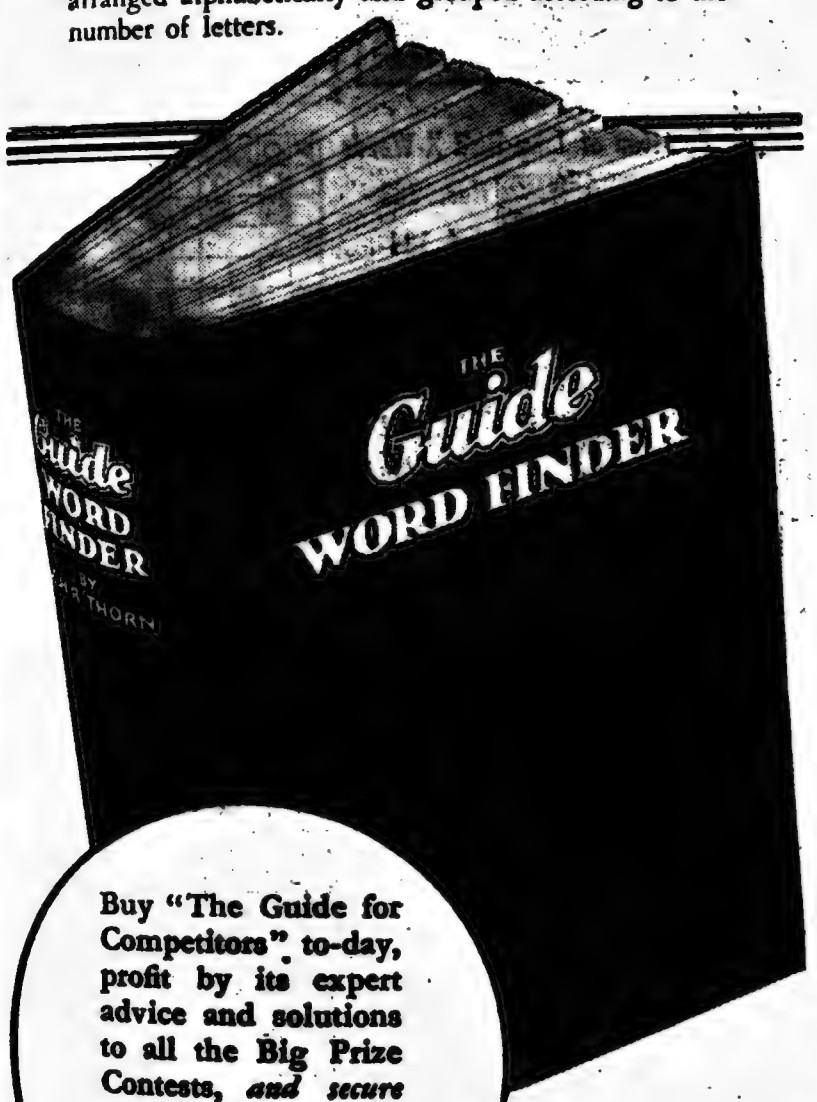
(See page 28)

Entirely New—

CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS

FOR EVERY READER OF "THE GUIDE"

Richly bound in dark blue leather, "The Guide Word-Finder" is an entirely new reference book without which no home is complete. This magnificent book can only be obtained by readers of "The Guide." It contains every conceivable classification of words—arranged alphabetically and grouped according to the number of letters.



Buy "The Guide for Competitors" to-day, profit by its expert advice and solutions to all the Big Prize Contests, *and secure this wonderful volume—"The Guide Word-Finder."*

THE *Guide* *for* Competitors

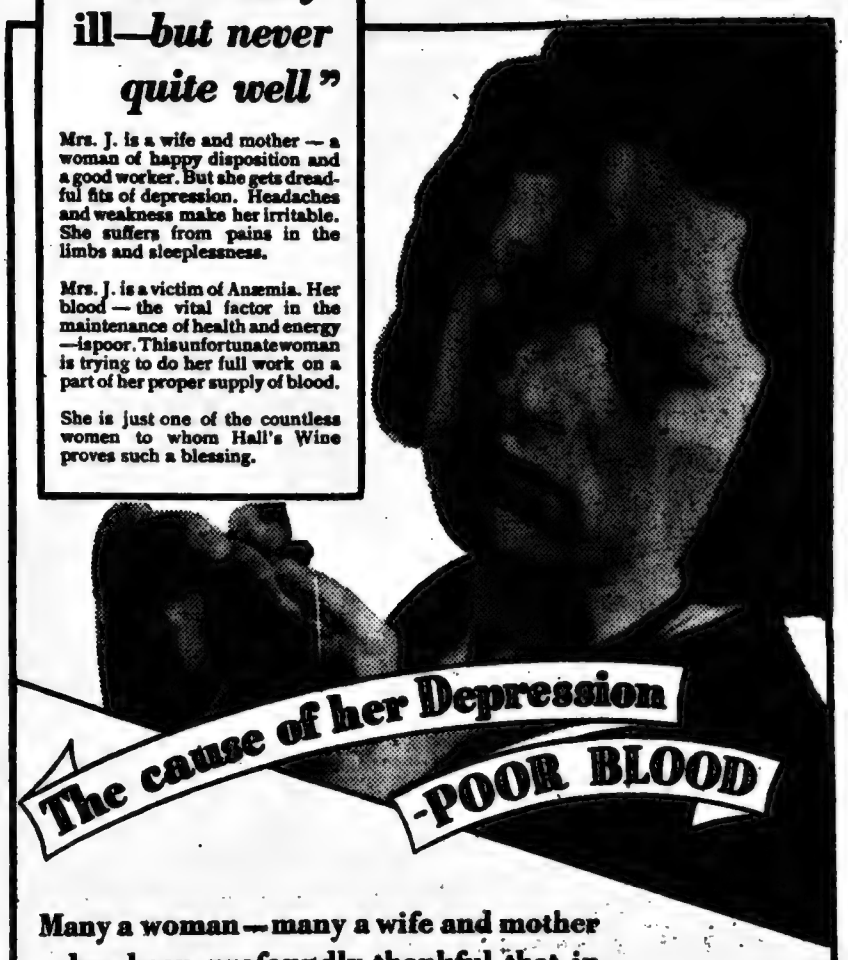
NOW ON SALE PRICE TWOPENCE

"Never really ill—but never quite well"

Mrs. J. is a wife and mother — a woman of happy disposition and a good worker. But she gets dreadful fits of depression. Headaches and weakness make her irritable. She suffers from pains in the limbs and sleeplessness.

Mrs. J. is a victim of Anæmia. Her blood — the vital factor in the maintenance of health and energy —is poor. This unfortunate woman is trying to do her full work on a part of her proper supply of blood.

She is just one of the countless women to whom Hall's Wine proves such a blessing.



The cause of her Depression -POOR BLOOD

Many a woman—many a wife and mother—has been profoundly thankful that in Hall's Wine she found the means of putting poor blood right. Why is Hall's Wine so helpful? Because it contains such an abundance of two vital blood-making properties—the natural iron and vitamins of the grape, together with other valuable medicaments. And here is a point to take to heart—you will have fewer colds and be more likely to escape Influenza this winter, *when Hall's Wine builds up your strength.*

Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.

HALL'S WINE ENRICHES THE BLOOD

Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 5/6 Smaller size 3/3

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

318

24 SELECTIONS WITH EACH INSTRUMENT

The Finest Gramophone Value in the World. Either of these handsome and powerful instruments complete & Carriage Paid with 12 Half-Crown Double Sided Records (24 selections) for 5/- with order.

GRAVES TABLE Model is of handsomely figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. Newest improved type of reproducer. Prize with 12 Half-Crown Records. **£3.10.0** TERMS: 5/- MONTHLY.

GRAVES PORTABLE Model covered leather cloth, Nickel-plated corners, smooth running Motor, 10-inch Turntable, Speed Regulator. Magnificent Sound Box. Receptacle for Records. Complete with 12 Half-Crown Records **£3.10.0** TERMS. 5/- MONTHLY.

Please state clearly which instrument you require.

CATALOGUE POST FREE. Complete range of Models—Table, Pedestal, & Portable. Bargain Prices. Easy Terms.

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GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

FREE FROM PAIN.

Mrs. ASTON, 114, Victoria Avenue, Blackley, Manchester, writes: "For three years I suffered terribly. I would start with a tightness round my body, after which a terrible pain would come and stay for hours. I was X rayed, and the result was 'indirect evidence of DUODENAL ULCER.' My husband got me a 5/- bottle of Vitadatio, then another six bottles, and I have gone three years free from pain, with not a sign of my old complaint, for which I am very grateful."

If you are a sufferer—get a bottle to-day

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottle containing 3 weeks' supply, for export only, post free from VITADATIO, Ltd. 121, Armley, Leeds.

V150.

£300 CASH and LIFE PENSION FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" AMUSING X-WORD

30/- A WEEK FOR LIFE

£100 FOR RUNNERS-UP

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO SEND TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £800

ONLY ONE WEEK TO WIN THIS HUGE 2-IN-1 PRIZE

ENTER BY NOON, THURS., OCT. 27.

"John Bull" will pay a life pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 3, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 10th.

Make "JOHN BULL'S" Crosswords your hobby for these longer evenings. Why shouldn't YOU be the winner in this week's competition and receive our increased 2-in-1 prize—a fine cheque for £300 and a Life Pension of 30s. each Saturday?

A further £300 will be secured by Runners-up in accordance with the announcement above, providing an added inducement for you to work out the entertaining puzzle below with the aid of the interesting Clues supplied.

Start filling up these squares this evening, and see that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, October 27.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in Ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 27th, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 10th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, November 22nd, 1932, in accordance with directions given with weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, will be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be considered in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

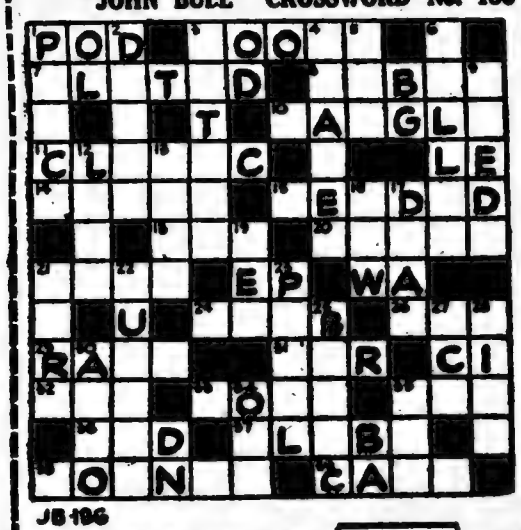
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

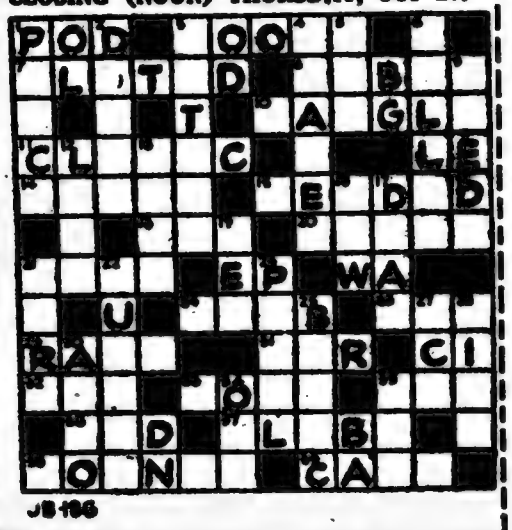
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 186—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT 27.



JB 186



JB 186

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

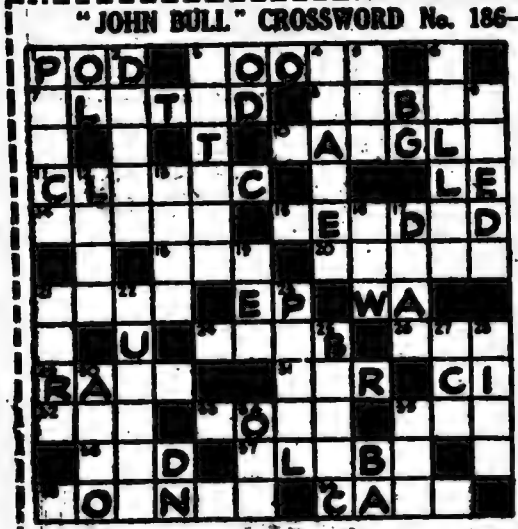
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

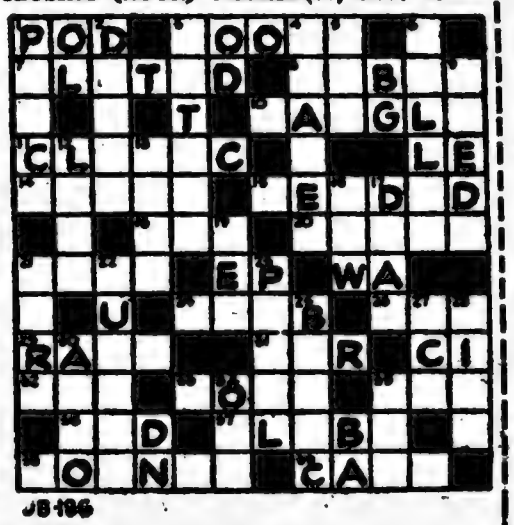
ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 186—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 27



JB 186



JB 186

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

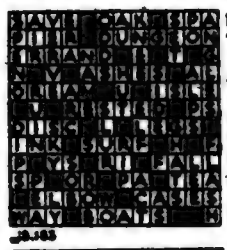
ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

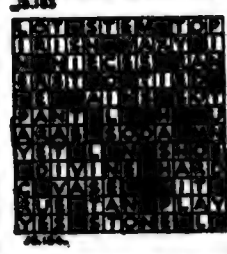
ADDRESS .....

.....

Solution of John Bull X-Words Nos. 183 and 184



JB 183



JB 184

Winners in Crossword No. 182 appear on page 5. Winners in Crossword No. 184 will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 184 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this Crossword, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Contains seeds
4. These should keep rain out
7. Puffed up with success
8. Red-breasted bird
10. Things get caught up in one
11. Clergyman
14. Duck from which we get down
15. What doctor did to broken leg
18. Series of tennis games
20. Actions
21. Opposite of "east"
24. Can make you smart
26. Male sheep
29. Finds its way to a river
31. It sets a boat along
32. Notwithstanding
33. Ties
35. She provides our eggs
36. Angler selects his carefully
37. Often constitutes prisoner's defence
38. Is often a source of annoyance
39. How it alters one's appearance!

CLUES DOWN

1. What we're struggling to save today
2. How grandma feels, in modern company
3. Go to bed
4. Often describes old tapestries
5. Often follows in father's footsteps
6. Theatre cannot pay unless it's this
9. Wants
12. Flying is a dangerous one
13. Repose
16. Most welcome kind of joke
17. Expensive
19. National beverage
21. Kind of boxer not easily beaten
22. Prospective husband
23. Rove in search of prey
25. Belonging to a beam
27. One-spot card
28. Is worked to make money
30. First part of "aeroplane"
34. Cereal
35. Belonging to him

If entering, two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

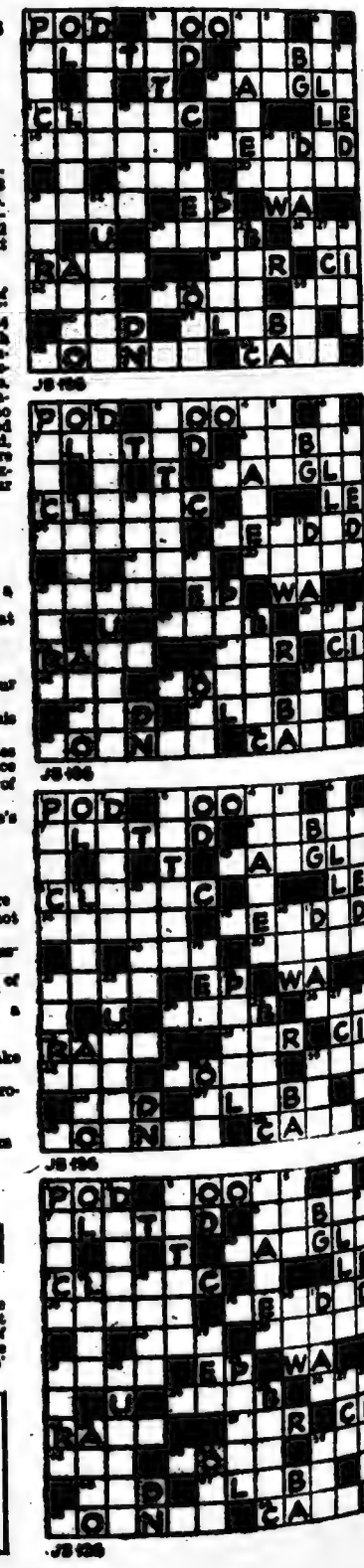
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 186, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)



JB 186

The Editor LAUGHS Last

G. D. (Oundle)—"Most banks are safe these days." Except baby's.

MRS. T. (Yarmouth).—"I took in fifty visitors this season." Did they know it?

MRS. S. (Ely).—"Money doesn't matter." Unless it isn't there.

D. M. (Retford).—"A bottle of champagne makes me say silly things." And a bottle of ink makes you write them.

A. F. (Accrington).—"And the beer is weaker, seems to me." Taxed beyond its strength.

F. A. (Llandudno).—"Many a City stockbroker dreams of making money by writing a novel." So does many a novelist.

H. A. (Northampton).—"Modern cooking doesn't go very far." But modern cooks go more often.

NURSE (Eridge).—"I first met my husband after he had been in a motor smash." From bandage to bondage.

G. R. E. (Todmorden).—"The modern girl doesn't often blush." No, but when she does wear one, it stays on all day.

C. S. (York).—"What is the average size of women's shoes?" About one and a half sizes too small, we believe.

M. T. (Walsall).—"A really good diamond will bore through anything." Even through a pretty girl's indifference.

R. M. C. (Manchester).—"What is the youth of to-day getting up to?" Certainly not breakfast.

DETECTIVE (Bow).—"A crook always gives himself away by his appearance." You mean his disappearance?

H. C. (Durham).—"A man never has cause to regret imitating a good example." Unless he is discovered forging cheques.

JANE (Fawley).—"When you tell a woman anything, does it go in at one ear and out of the other?" No! Out of the mouth.

WRITER (Chelsea).—"Because an editor took only one of my articles in a month, I promptly posted him a dozen." That's the way to get your own back.

A. D. (Watford).—"I went to my boss and demanded to have my wage changed to what I was worth." Of course he was pleased to make the reduction.

THOS. J. (Coventry).—"What does a woman give in exchange for her husband's 'worldly goods'?" Her goodly words.

P. T. (Bolton).—"I have invented a match that can be lit a hundred times." Just the thing for lighting cigarette lighters.

R. H. (Liverpool).—"Business is in a simply splendid state." Goodness. What are you—an Official Receiver or something?

R. E. (Fulham).—"Things don't always turn out quite as they are expected." That frequently applies to the driver of the car in front.

BLONDE (Earl's Court).—"What will happen to me if the brunette type really becomes fashionable?" You will have a dark future.

P. S. (Ilkley).—"There's a desirable frankness about family life to-day." The young ones no longer read the "outspoken" book in the attic nor push it under the pillow when they hear mother coming.

B. W. (Bude).—"You can call me what you like." But you are not what we like.

MRS. D. S. (Hampstead Heath).—"Many present-day servants are really wonders." But nine days' wonders at the most.

T. M. (Kew).—"You can imagine what I went through when my car crashed into the lamp-post." The windscreen?

MRS. E. (Richmond).—"Wives are full of ideas in the garden." But husbands do the spade work.

J. S. (Glasgow).—"I get through a tremendous amount of light reading." Gas-meter man!

M. H. (Tooting).—"What excuse can a man have for swearing over the telephone?" The telephone.

D. K. (Hackney).—"Boxers are peaceable men." We've noticed that during heavyweight contests.

A. S. S. (Hoole).—"Which is the best way to turn one's hand to profitable enterprise?" Palm upwards.

AUTHOR (Clapham).—"I am writing a book which is spicy and full of meat." A cookery book?

W. C. N. (Bolton).—"I am often mistaken for a popular author." He doesn't know how often his reputation is risked.

INTERESTED (Camberley).—"We know a lot about prehistoric man, but scarcely anything is ever heard of prehistoric woman." We don't suppose she ever admitted she was prehistoric.

ADAMSON'S
Tooth Jumps

H. K. (Mortlake).—"Two is company." And three is Sunday newspaper copy.

STORY-WRITER (Bloomsbury).—"There is no plot like an old plot." What about most of the new ones?

E. A. (Bolton).—"A man can usually be home early at night by the exercise of will-power." Especially if it is his wife's.

C. M. (Staines).—"I'd do anything to cure my knock-knees." Then wear plus fours.

B. C. (Balham).—"I've knocked about in most big cities, meeting all kinds of people." As a door-to-door salesman?

B. H. (Wilmslow).—"The majority of women are hopeless at figures." But they can put two and two together.

J. O. (Barnes).—"What would you call a person who talks behind his customers' backs?" A hairdresser.

P. M. F. (Esher).—"A vegetarian says that vegetables give one courage." Spinach certainly provides grit.

HOUSEWIFE (Colindale).—"The modern girl can't make a decent milk pudding." Her tapioca is mediocre.

G. K. (Sarratt).—"Hoardings should be done away with." The income-tax people are doing their best.

B. A. (Handsworth).—"Why introduce politics into fiction?" Why not, since fiction is introduced into politics.

D. M. (Hitchin).—"Are you having a bonfire on the Fifth?" Yes, if you don't stop writing.

HOUSEWIFE (Bures).—"There is a terrible sameness about mutton." More chops than changes.

G. M. (Holborn).—"Everybody seemed pleased to see me at the Motor Show." Were you serving behind the bar?

M. R. (Coventry).—"I've started a credit business in a one-way street." So people can't back out?

V. B. (Battersea).—"Many mysteries lie behind the walls of the House of Commons." So do many M.P.s.

G. T. (Truro).—"I am training my boy to grow up like me." We have forwarded your letter to the N.S.P.C.C.

E. M. W. (Hendon).—"Most bridegrooms are very silent during the wedding breakfast." They probably feel they have said far too much already.

J. B. (Golders Green).—"I flatter myself I know as much as most men." Wait until the kids ask you to help them out with their home lessons.

D. B. (Bury).—"I know a football manager who lives in a big house with an imposing entrance." He's naturally fond of big gates.

TRAVELLER (Chelsea).—"Women in Central Africa are senile at fifty." Women in this country are by no means senile at fifty. In fact, they're not even fifty.

G. H. M. (Newcastle).—"Don't you think that post-office pillar-boxes in their present form should be abolished?" Well, many motorists seem to hold that view.

J. C. C. (Harrogate).—"We had a few words, and my wife has given me the bird." Smooth things over with a few words on a *Bullets* coupon. We're offering over 250 Christmas birds on page 39.

"ETIQUETTE" (Upper Norwood).—"The bridegroom should keep on the right side of the bride during the ceremony." And after.

P. C. (Colnbrook).—"Although my boy is only two years of age, he can switch on the wireless." You should watch him closely for any other objectionable tendencies.

R. T. (Bath).—"It is strange that there are so few women dentists." Especially in view of the fact that such a career offers them an excellent chance to talk without fear of interruption.

W. R. S. (Southampton).—"A new type of clock can measure one-thousandth part of a second." Just the thing to time our small nephew when he is washing his face in the morning.

G. O'B. (Dublin).—"According to certain scientists' theories, time flows both ways." Just like a tube of liquid glue when you are trying hard to keep your hands clean.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ACUTE BRONCHITIS FRUSTRATED.

If you dread the coming of the cold, foggy days, read this letter from a trained nurse in Lancashire. "My own niece," writes Mrs. L. C., of Radcliffe, "was taken suddenly ill with an acute attack of bronchitis. I happened to be at home, and thought of 'Thermogene.' I applied it back and front and was amazed at the relief she gained in such a short time."

So now you know exactly what to do at the first sign of the old trouble. Put a good layer of "Thermogene" brand of Medicated Wadding on your chest at once. Its soothing warmth will prove the greatest boon. It's not messy like the old-fashioned poultices. It's a clean cotton wool—scientifically impregnated with pain-relieving essences. You can wear it next to your skin, and it will do its healing work while you carry on your normal life. For "Thermogene" doesn't simply deaden pain as drugs do—it removes pain because it removes the cause. Keep a box by you—it only costs 1/3, or (triple quantity) 3/-, from any chemist.

"LAST RESOURCE" CURES STOMACH PAINS

You who suffer from chronic indigestion, pains in the stomach, wind, etc., read this letter from Mrs. C., of ——. See how she suffered for years, how even a little while ago even hospitals could do her no good and how the *very first dose* of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder brought relief. This is what she writes:

"I have tried your Powder as a last resource, having attended hospital and tried everything I could think of for years. I was in such dreadful pain and nothing seemed to do me any good, that I began to think I had cancer: I lost weight and looked so ill. The first dose brought me relief. I could sing its praises from the housetops, and I tell everyone I meet. It's the most marvellous medicine I have ever tried. My only regret is I had not known about it five years ago."

Every doctor knows that the recently discovered formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is the best possible remedy for even such serious troubles as gastric and duodenal ulcers and that nowadays it is the first choice of all the leading hospitals.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, under that exact name with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1s. 3d. and 2s. cartons of Powder or Tablets.

TIZ (APPETISER) for TIRED FEET

There is nothing better for instantly relieving aching, burning feet than a 'Tiz' foot-bath, which draws out pain and tones up the tired tissues so that your feet feel strong and healthy again.

NEW SIZE 6d

You can now get 'Tiz' in new sixpenny size (containing 12 tablets) from all chemists and stores.

'TIZ' FOR TIRED FEET

Blood & Skin Diseases

Remember that pure blood not only keeps away disease, but is Nature's remedy—in fact, the blood is the stream of life. In the treatment of Blood and Skin Complaints "Clarkes Blood Mixture" is unexcelled as a blood purifying medicine and unique in healing.

Obtainable in Liquid or Tablet form of all Chemists, 3/- per bottle.

"CLARKES" BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE BLOOD MIXTURE

I AM 50
But My Friends Say I Look only 28

"Years slipped away from my face daily"

"I am fifty years of age yet there is not a soul who takes me for a day over thirty years; in fact many say twenty-eight. It seems wonderful because only a few months ago I looked an old woman. I used Crème Tokalon Rose Skinfood with great regularity, and after two weeks I could see the years slipping away from my face daily. My friends now are astonished. When they compliment me on my youthful looks I think to myself: 'Yet I know I am older than you all!' —Miss Margaret Buckland, Starvale House, Wylye, Wilts.

This amazing discovery which restores youth to the complexion was made by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. He proved that lines and wrinkles are caused by a lack of biocel in the skin. After thousands of experiments, Prof. Dr. Stejskal has at last succeeded in obtaining this precious extract from carefully selected young animals.

"Biocel" is now contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour, and combined with other highly nourishing ingredients. Try Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour to-day; lines and wrinkles disappear, an aged and faded skin is quickly rejuvenated. Successful results are guaranteed or money refunded.

link with SAFETY

Link up with JOHN BULL's Great Free Home Insurance, the most practical in the world. Enlist the aid of this strong ally when adversity comes. Make provision for yourself and your loved ones. Time only strengthens the ties which bind our readers to this comprehensive scheme of free insurance.

JOHN BULL provides a number of vital and exclusive benefits which you can receive from no other paper. Only JOHN BULL can cover your home against the dreaded risk of FIRE. Only JOHN BULL can protect it from Storm and Flood. Only JOHN BULL provides Sickness Benefits.

One can never tell. A reader wrote the other day: "I never thought when registering that I would have occasion to apply for benefit, but one never knows what is going to happen."

Over 83,000 readers have received cheques, proof of the great practical value of our Gift. Sign now on the Registration Forms below.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you FREE.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 22/10/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 22/10/32

ROLL UP!

Buy a packet of ZIG-ZAGS and some of your favourite tobacco now; and roll up a *fresh* cigarette whenever you want it. Make sure you ask for ZIG-ZAG in the original automatic packing.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

VAPEX INHALANT

Never Neglect a Cold

At the first sign of stuffiness, the first dry feeling at the back of the throat, put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the vapour. It becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You feel it coursing through the air passages of the nose and throat, searching out the germs and relieving the congestion.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.46. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

PILES! PYLITNA BRAND PILE POWDERS

Taken in warm water. 5/- & 2/9 per box (in U.K.).

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

Haemorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system, which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

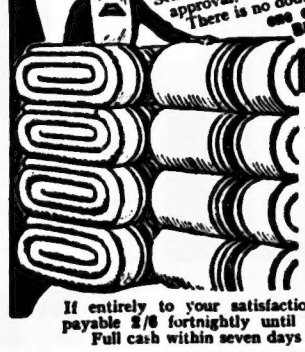
PYLITNA (BRAND) POWDERS are so effective that INJECTIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS are avoided.

MEDICAL AND PUBLIC ENDORSEMENT.

Doctor (M.D.): "In one week piles had disappeared."
Doctor: "Cured chronic cases."
Gentleman: "Pylitna powders have worked wonders."
Nurse: "Both powders and tablets most effective."
Lady: "Cured in less than a week."
Gentleman: "Suffered 16 years. Cured with Pylitna."
Gentleman: "Greatest benefit after following your treatment."
Lady: "Cured after the worst possible attack of piles."
Etc., etc., etc.

Pylitna Brand Powders, 5/- and 2/9 (in U.K.).
Pylitna Ointment and Tablets, 5/- each (in U.K.).
Of chemists or direct (3d. extra).
G. S. HUMFORD & SONS (Pylitna Depts.), 168, Drummond St., London, N.W. (Dept. 12).

YOURS FOR 1/6
BUY BRITISH
£4/4/- value for 35/-
ONLY 35/- FOR EIGHT BLANKETS
Deposit
An absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight Imperial Blankets, bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime. £4-4-0 value for 35/-. Send for this Blanket Sale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is one of the world's Biggest Bargains



The Whole Sale of Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 1/6
An Unequalled Offer.

If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within seven days 35/- only.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. J.B. 616
94 & 94 DENMARK HILL CAMBERWELL LONDON SE5

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 87, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

CASH THE COUPONS

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

FUR COLLAR BARGAIN

This Natural Australian Opossum Collar is in a lovely shade of Grey. Exquisitely soft and modelled in the fashionable Bolster style. Beautifully lined & ready for fitting to coat. Size 20 x 7in. Price 24/6 4/- now

Terms: 4/- per month. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Coats, Ties, Wraps, &c. Keenest Prices and Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

2 Special Offers.

Free Catalogues are offered by two famous furnishing firms on pages 23 and 25. Simply fill in the Coupons appearing in each advertisement.

NOVEL PENSIONS added to BIG CHEQUES and FINE XMAS TURKEYS
"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE
£300
10 TURKEY PENSIONS
ENTITLING YOU TO A BIG XMAS TURKEY EVERY YEAR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE—ONE £5 CHEQUE IF PREFERRED
SECOND £50
THIRD £25
10 PRIZES of £2 10s.
250 of 2s. 6d.
2,000 'RED SEAL' Targets.
8,000 'Target' Prizes.
250 BIG XMAS TURKEYS
DELIVERED SHORTLY BEFORE SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25.
WHAT TURKEY-WINNERS SAID LAST YEAR—
"ONE OF MY GUESTS, WHOSE DUTY BRINGS HIM INTO CLOSE ASSOCIATION WITH THE CULINARY OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, REMARKED—'TELL JOHN BULL IT'S THE FINEST TURKEY I'VE EVER TASTED!'" G.G. RICHARDS, 13 HIGHGATE LANE, FARNBOROUGH
"MANY THANKS FOR THE FINE TURKEY YOU SENT ME FOR CHRISTMAS. HAD IT BEEN MUCH BIGGER, I SHOULD HAVE HAD TO 'PHONE YOU FOR A BIGGER OVEN TO TAKE IT." W. HARTLEY, 11, BOWNVIEW ROAD, S.E.19.
—YOU MAY SAY THIS YEAR YOURSELF

FIRST 260 INVITATIONS TO OUR XMAS PARTY.

YES Christmas Turkeys already! Sunday, December 25, is nearer than you think—and JOHN BULL has been looking ahead for you.

This year we open a series of splendid Christmas prize-lists with an enormous one-week offer of £300 and other big cheques, ten novel "Turkey Pensions" and as many as 250 Christmas Turkeys.

Those "Turkey Pensions" are something startlingly new, for each entrant who wins one is guaranteed a plump Turkey every Christmas as long as he lives. What yearly delights are in store for JOHN BULL'S Turkey Pensioners!

Those JOHN BULL Turkeys which await 250 of this week's "Bulleteers" are—well, are not *Bullets* Turkeys known throughout the land? You do not know how good a Turkey can be until you have sampled one of the famous JOHN BULL brand.

Your first step in this thrilling chase for a plump Christmas gobbler is to read through the *Examples* and jot down the rough ideas which flash into your mind. Then concentrate on expressing these ideas in neat and telling phrasing.

Suppose, for instance, you chose the *Example* OFF WENT THE GUN AND, the added words REPORTERS SOON FOLLOWED REPORT would complete a typical *Bullet*.

But before you start on your own efforts, absorb 23 useful hints on how to phrase good *Bullets* by closely studying the winning lines printed below. Then settle down to making some good *Bullets* yourself, and make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, October 29.

OVER £900 CASH AND RADIO GRAMOPHONES WON.

FIRST PRIZE OF £800, COMPETITION No. 866.

Mr. M. A. POLLOCK, 32, Warwick Street, Glasgow.
Example:—ALL WE DO
Bullet:—ABOUT MESS, MESS ABOUT!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. E. SPICER, 22, Parsons Street, Bristol.
Example: Man I Work For
Bullet:—Human Business That's "Cruel."

THIRD PRIZE OF £35:

Mr. S. S. Parfitt, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash.
Example:—Bright Young Thing
Bullet:—Wakes Dead—Wakes, Half-dead.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 WINNERS OF 32 GUINEAS RADIO GRAMOPHONES:

Mrs. D. BEATTIE, Goltho, Llantarnam, Mon. Falling Leaves But "Mistletoe Bough's" Budding.

J. BROWN, 555, Plessey Road, Newsham, Northumberland.
Real Sport—"Speaks" For Dumb Animals.

S. DAVIS, 75, High Street, Aldershot.
White As A Sheet—Solly—*Policemen* Holding Blanket.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. A. FAULKNER, 2, Trower Street, Preston.
Her Life Lacks Something—She's "Surplus."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. JAMES, 22, Trinity Road, Wood Green, N.
Tactful Husband—"Buries Hatchet"—Chops Wood.

J. JAQUES, 56, Blenheim Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.
Almost Unbelievable—"Speed Everything Goes" To-day.

K. SHAND, 100, Haunch Lane, Birmingham.
Bright Young Thing—Greets Dawn—Ignores To-morrow.

Miss G. SLACK, 70, Watt Lane, Crosspool, Sheffield.
Bright Young Thing—Thinks Brilliant Sister "Dull."

J. SMITH, 81, Killearn Drive, Glasgow.
Life Is Better When—"Dovecote" Ready—"Hive" Closes.

Mrs. F. WALKER, 42, Saxon Street, Liverpool.
Man I Work For—"Fair"—I'm Never "Unfurled."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

BENNETT, The Old Cottage, Egypt, Bucks.
Way To Act Isn't "Heavy Father" Nowadays.

J. CHANDLER, 12, Claremont Terrace, Hexham.
Gone Away Youth? No—Just "Exploring."

D. FOOTE, Hillfoot, Greenhill, Otford, Kent.
Rainy Day—And Barometer "Goes Back."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. H. GARNHAM, 20, Derby Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
What I've Found—"Ladybird." According To Landlady!

F. J. HILLIER, 57, Lema Road, Hove.
Nothing To Worry About—We've Workhouses—Infirmaries—Cemeteries!

F. HUNT, 55, Stanway Road, Birmingham.
Real Sport—Tests Skill—Detests Kill.

F. LUMSDEN, 125, St. George's Road, Glasgow.
Sitting Up—Aberdeen Invalid Protecting Grapes.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. TAYLOR, 17, Ada Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Bright Young Thing—Rather Festive—Father Bestive.

W. D. THOMSON, c/o 59, Cregagh Road, Belfast.
Tactful Husband—Hunting Matches—"Cigarette, Dear?"

G. WOOD, 39, Holloway Road, Leytonstone, E.
Parents—"Preachers" Often "Asleep" Themselves.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed and Co. payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

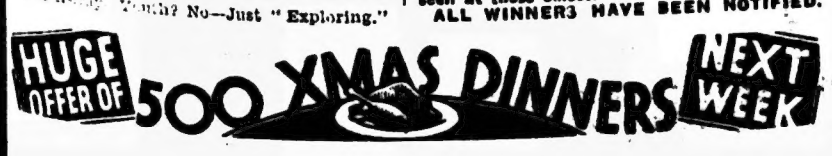
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")



"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 869.

WHATEVER THE WEATHER
ACCORDING TO PLAN
THROUGH THE FOG
OFF WENT THE GUN AND
NEARLY KILLED HIM
HITTING THE TABLE
MAKES LIFE A PROBLEM
BETWEEN OURSELVES
WELL-MEANING IDIOT
THIRSTING FOR WORK
WHY I'M AN OPTIMIST
BRITAIN DEMANDS
DUTIFULLY
LED AWAY
NEVER WORRIES
THE BANDITS
SINGING SMALL
STRIKES
FIGHTING DORA
THANKS TO UNCLE
SELLING HIS CAR
FAMILY QUARREL
DROPPING
PLUCKY WOMAN
THE PLOUGHMAN
LITTLE IKEY
ON A STRING
NEEDS EXPLAINING
NEGLECTING HER
FIRST HOME
REGRETS
READY FOR WINTER

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(869) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT., Oct. 29 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(869) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT., Oct. 29 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(869) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT., Oct. 29 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(869) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT., Oct. 29 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 869, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the chief prizes in No. 869 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £750, awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 866 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Lear, 2, Thorpe Crescent, Walthamstow, E.

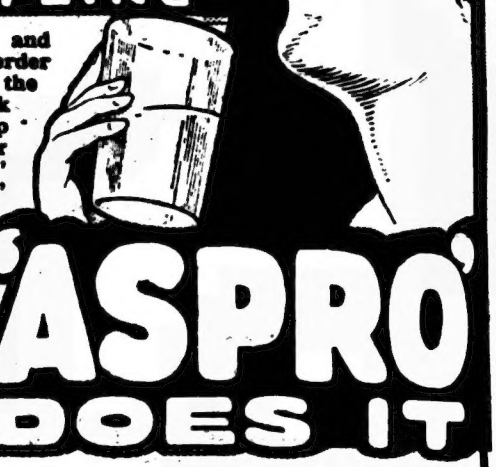
"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

SMASH THAT COLD NOW

HERE'S THE WAY

PRESENT SYMPTOMS
SORE THROAT, FEVERISHNESS
DEPRESSION, WEAKNESS
SNEEZING AND SNIFFLING

Acute colds attendant with sore throat—depression—weakness—sneezing and feverish conditions are about again. They are of such a severe type as to border on Influenza. The best and quickest method to banish this type of cold is the same that has proved so effective for 'flu in the past—take 'ASPRO.' For quick results use the following methods: 1. To counteract the sore throat break up two 'ASPRO' Tablets in half a tumblerful of water and use as a gargle. 2. For the feverishness, depression, weakness, sneezing and sniffling take two 'ASPRO' tablets. Repeat dosage if required. A hot lemon drink and 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets before going to bed will clear the cold away in one night. 'ASPRO' being of an antiseptic nature is a splendid method of dealing with the sore throat. After ingestion in the system, its antipyretic or fever reducing propensities reduce the temperature and the feeling of depression with the attendant weakness goes too. Sneezing and sniffling are banished with it. Don't take the attitude that "It will do to-morrow." To-morrow may be too late, for you may find yourself in for a severe and prolonged illness. Hundreds of thousands of people all over the world have proved definitely and conclusively that 'ASPRO' will sweep away these colds at their inception. So why take any risk? Why not act now?



'ASPRO' DOES IT

Try 'ASPRO' FOR
INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

READ THIS TESTIMONY

FAMILY BENEFITED BY 'ASPRO'

68, Oliphant Street,
Queens Park,
London, W.10.

Dear Sir,
I must write and thank you for the relief of neuralgia and rheumatism, my family and I have received great benefit from your 'ASPRO.' It is a sure remedy for almost any complaint.
Yours truly,
J. WISEMAN.

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stores,
Lawford, Essex.

Dear Sir,
I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.
Yours gratefully,
C. MAYTHORN.

NURSE USES 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS

Barnsley.

Dear Sir,
I find 'ASPRO' tablets wonderful. When I have a cold it is the first thing I go for. Thanking you.
Yours faithfully,
NURSE M.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
GOLLIN & CO., PTY., LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.) SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, Eng.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' IS ALL-BRITISH

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

9/6

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for 9/6 carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Remarkable REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving the purchaser all middle profits, and they are guaranteed genuine bargains. Over 600,000 sold during the last 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match.

The Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public.
Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world, and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. Much bale Greater value than hitherto. Read the guaranteed Contents:—
2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 80 ins. x 60 ins.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket size 84 ins. x 72 ins.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 80 ins. x 70 ins.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 ins. by 70 ins. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, size 90 x 72 ins. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 90 ins. x 90 ins.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels absorbent loop pile, size 36 ins. x 44 ins.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 ins. x 36 ins., new designs, Blue, Crimson Gold, etc.
Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c., post free.

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE 20/-

BALE COMPLETE 20/- Carr. Paid

Money returned if not approved.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.) Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

ALL BRITISH

CATALOGUE POST FREE, with full particulars of 'ARIEL' and other Battery and All-Mains Sets; also Radio Grams. All at the keenest prices and on easy terms of payment.

GRAVES 'ARIEL' 2-VALVE RADIO

Here is the most marvellous Radio Offer, and it could not have been made a moment sooner. This wonderful bargain brings Radio pleasures into every decent home in the land.

6/- NOW

THE GRAVES 'ARIEL' Set is a triumph of quality and value. Self contained in one cabinet of lovely polished Oak, 15½ x 13½ x 10in., every component of the highest class. All-Steel Chassis, Ferranti Transformer, Utility Condenser, Pertrix H.T. and L.T. Batteries, latest type Mullard Valves. Made under Marconi Licence & designed to give the most natural and satisfactory reception of B.B.C. programmes and Foreign Stations within its range.

This is your finest chance to get such a completely perfect set on terms of payment which you can easily afford. Our full price, with Aerial Outfit, Carriage Paid, is only £4.18.6.

NO NOT BE BESIEGED; there is no extra charge for easy terms of 6/- per month; 1/6 per week, paid monthly, makes you the satisfied owner of the 'Ariel' 2-Valve Set, and assures you and your family thousands of hours of pleasure and instruction.

THERE ARE NO SNAGS—This is a straightforward offer from a firm with 40 years' reputation for honourable dealing and Mr. Graves gives you his personal assurance of full satisfaction.

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